# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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*The fiction of the number is an instalment of "Silent Pete; or, The Stowaways"; "A Fortunate Mistake," by* FLORENCE HALLOWELL; *and "How the Good Gifts were Used by Two," by* HOWARD PYLE, *author of "Pepper and Salt," etc.*

*The principal illustration is entitled*

"AN EASTER OFFERING."

*Other illustrations are by* JESSIE SHEPHERD, J. C. BEARD, W. P. SNYDER, HOWARD PYLE, *and* CULMER BARNES.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886.

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.


## THE STRIKES.

THE extensive and prolonged strikes of the spring have had one beneficial result: they have drawn universal public attention to what is called the labor question, and have emphasized the impression of the changed conditions and relations to society of modern industry; of the wide organization and consequent power of the various branches of labor; of the enormous power and the great abuses of corporate wealth, and of the methods and purposes of those who seek its restraint and regulation. Besides all this, the result of the debate and of the strikes is to show a decided public conviction that while many of the demands of the labor associations are just and reasonable, yet that the associations are often not only wrong in the particular instance, but often assert a principle which is absolutely fatal to the common welfare. A strike of laborers for higher wages may be justifiable as an extreme course to secure their object. But if a strike, for instance, upon a railroad is effective, it is an immense public annoyance and disturbance. If, however, the wrong to the employés be evident, public sympathy sustains them and condemns the management of the road. Yet there is one fact which tells very strongly against the strikers. It is that when a large strike begins, the police are instantly ordered out in full force. This is because experience shows that a large strike threatens public order.

Now a remedy for the alleged wrongs of any body of citizens which is not derived from the law, but which is enforced by wide coöperation, and which endangers the public peace and paralyzes the industrial and business activity of a community, is practically a conspiracy against the public welfare. It is an assault upon the rights of the people, and the people have the right lawfully to protect themselves. The government in this country is not a power hostile to the great body of the people. It is the representative of the people—not of a class, nor of an interest, but of the whole body of citizens, rich and poor alike. The fact, therefore, that a large strike calls out the police shows that strikes are believed from experience to threaten violence, seizure of property, destruction of property, interference with the equal rights of citizens, and a general disturbance of the community. This is intolerable, because it destroys the conditions of orderly society. It is a course which scorns redress of grievances by the ordinary resort to law, and aims to carry its objects by terror. The consequence of this situation is that until the labor unions deprive strikes of this character they will not command public sympathy, and a strike will be regarded as an effort to secure an advantage to a few persons at the expense of the rights of the whole community. The number of those who are associated in labor unions is inconsiderable in comparison with the great mass of the people, and the peace and order and confidence which the action of this small minority disturbs are essential to the daily livelihood of all who live by wages, who are the great majority of the people.

A strike also will be publicly judged by the reasons alleged in justification. But such reasons as those which were originally given for the Third Avenue Railroad strike in New York are absurd. Some employés were said to have spoken ill of an association to which other employés belonged, and if the company would not dismiss them, the great body of employés would leave the roads unmanned. No such action could possibly command the sympathy of an American community, or of any lovers of fair play, and it covers all strikes with suspicion. The attempt of employés to dictate to employers whom they shall employ, and what wages they shall pay, is an attempt to take practical possession of other people's property, and to overthrow equal rights. It is wholly different from conditions lawfully imposed by a Legislature upon companies which it creates for the public benefit. A Legislature may rightfully fix the rate of fare, and require the observance of equal terms for freight shippers. This is done by the representatives of all the people, under the fundamental law, and for the benefit of all the people. But when a squad of people obstruct a street, and insult quiet people who wish to buy at a particular shop, and, in fact, conspire to destroy the business of the shop, as in the case of Mrs. GRAY, they are cowardly conspirators against private rights, who should be summarily dealt with. The labor unions say that they can have no confidence in appeals to law, because capital corrupts legislatures and courts. But the unions have a remedy. Mr. POWDERLY says that there are half a million Knights of Labor. There are probably as many members of unions and associations. Let them nominate to Congress and the State Legislatures candidates who will favor the passage of laws to secure the objects that they seek. If these objects are not attainable by law, and can be secured only by violence and interference with private rights, they are objects which the American people will not tolerate. The press can do no better service than to tell this truth in a way which the members of unions who read the papers will understand. The real strength of the unions is in public sympathy, and to alienate that sympathy is to injure the legitimate cause of the unions.

## THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE.

THE President is plainly told by leading organs of his party that he is ruining it. The Democratic feeling both in and out of Congress is unfriendly to him. The Republicans show him no sympathy and offer him no aid, and, intent upon playing a mere party game, sacrifice their own character as reformers. The New York *Herald*, speaking for a large body of voters which warmly supported Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, pronounces him unable to comprehend his duties and responsibilities. Friends of reform, especially in Maryland and Indiana, are despondent, and ask in vain the explanation of frequent acts. Meanwhile no one ventures to question the sincerity of the President's convictions nor the purity of his purpose, and everybody acknowledges the extreme difficulty of his position. He is a Democrat, and strongly attached to his party. He feels doubtless the necessity of party support for any administration. He knows that he can have no Republican aid. He sees that the Democrats are sore and divided. He knows that the speeches of the Democratic VANCE and of the Republican INGALLS, ridiculing administrative reform, are the speeches most widely circulated as party documents by the respective parties. The situation is unquestionably clear to him; the opposition united; his own party hostile; the independent voters critical and doubtful.

The explanation of the situation we assume to be no less clear. It is due to the President's desire to adhere to reform without finally alienating his party. He doubtless holds that the country is but recently aroused to the necessity and value of reform, that reform can be accomplished only gradually, that to enforce it consistently would leave him without Congressional support for that or any other policy, that his party must be educated, and that reformers ought to be patient and considerate, allowing for errors, and not demanding that everything be done at once. But reformers, on the other hand, cannot agree that reform is to be advanced by plain violation of its principles, nor can they call deliberate disregard of facts, or refusal to investigate and inquire, inevitable errors. Reform certainly will not be promoted by the acquiescence of its friends in acts for which there is no reasonable excuse. Their silence in such a situation can be construed only as cowardice, as agreement, or as abandonment of their own cause. It is not a question of their confidence in the President's sincerity or purpose, but of approval of his course. They must be able to answer the inquiry whether this or that or the other frequently recurring act is consonant with reform. It is no reply to say that it is the utmost possible. It is no reply to say that the President was deceived. Who deceived him? And when the deceit was discovered, was the deceiver disciplined and the act revoked? If the Democratic party had sustained the reform policy of the President, the political situation would have been wholly different. But it has practically repudiated that policy, and it forces upon the President the alternative of adhering to it or of abandoning it. He may decide that it is premature, and that the ascendency of his party without reform is an object so desirable for the country that he would be politically justified in abandoning reform, as General GRANT abandoned it when a Republican Congress refused the appropriation. It is perfectly conceivable that the President, without renouncing his own convictions, might conclude that it is best for the country not now to enforce them.

On the other hand, he may decide that reform is more important than a party domination based upon patronage, and representing no policy whatever. He may decide to require, for instance, that post-office changes for party reasons, and at the solicitation of members of Congress, shall cease; that every Democratic as well as Republican offensive partisan shall be dismissed; that faithful, efficient, and generally satisfactory officers shall be reappointed at the end of their terms; and that the heads of departments shall be required to conform to a definite policy of reform, and to remember that mere change is not reform. The reform is essentially executive. The effectiveness of the reform law depends upon the Executive disposition. All that we have indicated could be done without reference to Congress, except for confirmations and for the annual appropriation. It would undoubtedly raise a tempest of party wrath, and prevent the President's renomination by his party. But it would be simply carrying out his own familiar principle that party exists for other ends than distributing patronage, and that the public business should be conducted upon business principles. It would establish the reform beyond question or peril, for when once fairly planted, no party could ever again disturb it, and the President's name would be historically associated with this great reform as that of LINCOLN is associated with emancipation.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE report of Mr. BIGELOW to the Chamber of Commerce upon the Panama Canal is the first complete and satisfactory statement in regard to a great continental work in which this country has a profound interest. It is satisfactory, however, not in the sense of showing how soon and at what cost the canal will be probably completed, but because it describes clearly the conditions which make such a showing impossible. M. DE LESSEPS treats the enterprise in the large and picturesque manner of VICTOR HUGO in writing a romance. There is a fervor of enthusiastic confidence in his remarks which, if they do no more, convey the strongest impression of his own sincerity. Indeed, to the builder of the Suez Canal much trust in the apparently impossible must be permitted, and a certain lofty impatience with doubt and hesitation may be forgiven. But men and money are absolutely essential for the prosecution of the work, and it is not certain that admiration of the courageous faith of M. DE LESSEPS would rapidly fill the company's treasury and marshal the necessary laborers.

The important point in Mr. BIGELOW'S interesting and instructive report is his expression of opinion that the canal will be probably completed, because so large a proportion of the cost has been already incurred that it is better policy to advance than to retreat; and he says that even if the company should abandon the work, the contractors would probably find it to be for their interest to combine and finish it. The canal is to be forty-six and a half miles long, and about one-fifth of the total excavation has been already made. The chief difficulties are the due control of the Chagres River, which is a wild torrent in the rainy season, the cut through the Andes at Culebra, the defence of the section toward Panama Bay from filling in by the ocean and the Rio Grande, and procuring adequate labor at practicable rates. This last is a most serious perplexity, and the inventive genius of M. DE LESSEPS seeks to compensate by machinery for the lack of proper laborers. At the close of the year, while about one-fifth of the work will have been done, half of the estimated cost will have been expended. This is not encouraging. But Mr. BIGELOW thinks that the same rate of cost will not continue, for a large proportion of the actual outlay is represented by the plant, which will not have to be renewed. Yet he agrees that nothing but a guess is possible as to the amount of work which is still to be done.

Mr. BIGELOW compares the two great enterprises of the Suez and the Panama canals, and frankly states the much greater perplexities and difficulties of the latter enterprise. But with every reservation he apparently inclines to the belief that the work will be accomplished, and his statement is so ample and evidently so impartial that he has done a most desirable public service in enabling everybody to see just what the situation is, and to decide for himself what is reasonably to be expected. The general impression plainly is that Mr. BIGELOW'S report will hardly stimulate investments in the canal shares, and M. DE LESSEPS'S sharp strictures upon the report seem to show that he is of that opinion.

## THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE scope of Mr. GLADSTONE'S land bill was evidently not fully comprehended by Parliament, even after his own statement, which is usually simple and luminous. But in his speech he "spake some certain truths" which England does not like to hear, but which cannot be forgotten in any intelligent consideration of the whole Irish question. Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of the hideous progeny of Irish poverty and English misrule. This is one of the most vital moral elements of the situation of which statesmanship must take account. It is said that Ireland has no actual grievances to-day, and that greater concessions have been made to her than to any part of the empire. But why have concessions been made? Because of a phenomenal destitution and suffering, which certainly have

not disappeared. They have produced a state of feeling which is a cardinal part of the situation. For it is the alienation of feeling, due to indescribable oppression and wrong, which is the critical element in the situation.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S plan, in substance, is to raise a loan of one hundred and thirty millions sterling, to be called for at the rate of twenty millions a year, with which to buy the land from the great owners, and put the peasant in possession as proprietor, subject to a rent charge until the total payments equal the purchase-money. There is of course a great mass of details of method, which must be carefully studied in order to see how the plan is to be carried out. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN objected that it was a bill to relieve the landlords, not the tenants; that it would impose a heavy burden upon Great Britain; and that there was not adequate security provided for the loan. He said that Ireland would look upon the price as too high for landlords' rights, and as a bargain imposed by a foreign country. But he added that he was not an irreconcilable opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, and if the land proposals should be sufficiently modified, he would be very glad to be relieved of his attitude of opposition.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S whole Irish plan is now developed. It proposes home rule, with absolute imperial sovereignty, and peasant ownership of the land. It thus aims to remove the two traditional grievances of Ireland, and to secure what PITT'S Union has not secured, a friendly connection with England. It proceeds upon the view that the alternative is plain and inevitable: practical military rule in Ireland, or a British connection upon terms acceptable to Ireland. Both methods are tentative. The dogmatic assertion that nothing is wanted in Ireland but firm government is quite as theoretical a view as that nothing is so much wanted as home rule and land ownership under British supremacy. The "firm government" has been tried in every form, and the result is before us. It is not reasonable to suppose that its renewal could be a satisfactory settlement of the question. Indeed, the general plea of the opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE'S plan, that the Irish are not fit to govern themselves, shows plainly the theory upon which "firm government" would proceed. Hatred, contempt, suspicion, injustice in every degree, have been tried as the keynote of British government in Ireland. Let confidence and conciliation now animate that government, and unless history is a blind guide, and human nature changed, the result will justify the experiment.

## "MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS."

A BOOK is just issued by the HARPERS which will be found exceedingly valuable and interesting by every one who wishes to know a chapter of American history in which for the first time the public is now seriously interested. Its rather startling title is *Massacres of the Mountains*, which is interpreted by the sub-title, *A History of the Indian Wars of the far West*. It is, in fact, the complete and detailed story of the extraordinary savage life of the frontier and of the various wars, of which there is no other connected record. It shows the practical and actual operation of our whole Indian system, and it is written evidently, not to support a theory or to advocate a policy, but to tell the truth.

The author, J. P. DUNN, Jun., endeavors to ascertain accurately the causes, occurrences, and results of the chief Indian troubles of late years. He marshals in a very graphic and picturesque manner a great mass of facts and details, which all lead irresistibly to certain conclusions. He holds that the Indians are essentially our wards, and whenever our conduct is such as our courts would not permit to a guardian, we are self-condemned. Mr. DUNN disposes of the absurd talk about the Indians as "fed savages" and "Uncle Sam's pets" by showing the abominable cruelty of our conduct toward them. He declares that there is not a single instance of enforced removal which was not injurious to the Indians, and that the policy of concentration is a policy of folly. The falsity of the saying that "the best Indian is a dead Indian" he exposes by reference to facts. Indians differ as "a Broadway merchant" differs from "a Bowery rough." The "noble red man" of COOPER is not wholly mythical, and certain Indian heroes may be ranked with the most famous in Greek or Roman or modern story.

The Indian problem, Mr. DUNN says, is not solved. The solution will require years of patient effort, but humanity and charity will solve it. "Let us be honest and fair with the Indian, and temper our justice with religion and education." If the government and the people will sustain the noble efforts of the teacher and the missionary, by the end of the century the Indian will be almost lost in the American. It is a painfully interesting and even exciting book, and it appears at a most fortunate moment for its just effect upon public opinion.

## OPEN THE DOORS.

SENATOR INGALLS is reported as saying in Chicago that secret sessions of the Senate ought to continue, because there is often a volley of false and damaging charges against candidates invented to defeat their confirmation, whose publication would be of serious injury to innocent persons. Does the Senator suppose that such inventions are directed exclusively against candidates nominated to the Senate for confirmation? Has the Senator ever known a Presidential campaign, or any other excited election, in which the candidates were not subjected to such calumnies; or is he of opinion that they suffered from them seriously after election?

The way to stem the current of false charges against persons who are nominated to the Senate is to do two things: open the doors of the executive session, and open to the public the letters that contain the charges. Then it will be known who takes the responsibility of making them. The result will be that the cloud of false charges will disappear, because the names of those who prefer them will be made public, and every Senator who is disposed to confirm an improper nomination will be known. No better reason for secret sessions than that reported to have been urged by Mr. INGALLS has been offered, and that is really no reason whatever.

## THE ELECTORAL COUNT BILL.

THE Electoral Count Bill has been reported by the House committee with one excellent amendment. The act as it passed the Senate authorized the two Houses to throw out the return from a State even when there was but one, and that one regular. We had supposed that this power was conferred only in case of a contest which had not been settled in the State, so that two certificates of election were presented in Congress. But as it is now stated, the amendment is proper, and ought to prevail.

It is now almost May, and Congress met at the beginning of December. Its chief beneficial action thus far is the passage of the Presidential Succession Bill, and of the Electoral Count Bill in the Senate. If the last should be amended as now indicated, and passed, and if the Senate should resolve to open its doors, the advantages to good government and security from disturbance derived from such action alone would deserve public gratitude.

## GOVERNMENT BY "BOODLE."

THE spectacle of the character of the city government of New York as illustrated by the Aldermen cannot be offered to the world without comment, and no New-Yorker, no American, can read without shame the remarks of *Le Temps*, one of the chief French journals, as reported to the *Herald*:

"Several years have elapsed since a grand popular movement swept out the Augean stables, and transferred TWEED and his band from the Hôtel de Ville to the penitentiary. The metropolis of the Empire State has never ceased to grow bigger, richer, and prettier. The political machine also has become bigger and richer, until now it has obtained such perfection that it crushes all competition of independent citizens acting upon their own free initiative. Personal and selfish factions openly fight for the plunder. Irving Hall and Tammany Hall—the two wings of the Democratic party—struggle with each other with ferocity, hatred, and family feud, while the Republican minority, also rotten and corrupt, takes one day one side, another day another side, selling itself to the highest bidder. Universal suffrage is nominally the supreme master of the entire municipal government, but is really a slave to the wretched cliques and coteries."

The worst of it is that it is true. No man who knows the situation can deny it. And it is under the plea of supporting great principles of national policy that the intelligent citizens of New York are whipped in by the Democratic factions and the Republican traders to vote for the men whom they select, and who are selected for the purpose of securing the "swag" and dividing it. The citizens of Albany were lately exhorted to vote against a candidate for Mayor of that city because he was a free-trader. So long as intelligent journals resort to such an absurd appeal to carry a city election, the shameful situation in New York will be not only perpetuated, but extended.

The consequences of turning municipal elections into mere party contests are illustrated in New York, and described by the Paris journal. The practical and real reasons of the folly of such a practice are pointed out with admirable force and clearness by Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER in a paper in the April issue of the Baltimore *Civil Service Reformer*.

## A LITTLE JUSTICE.

THE Foreign Committee of the House has unanimously reported in favor of an indemnity of about $150,000 to the Chinese victims of the Rock Spring riots. It may be assumed, therefore, that so much justice will be done. By a vote of seven to five, the latter all Republicans except Mr. BELMONT, the chairman, additional restrictions for ten years upon Chinese immigration were also proposed. The Chinese government is understood not to object to the exclusion of coolies, but protests against a general exclusion as contravening treaty stipulations.

There is no reason, we suppose, to doubt that when the Chinese government is satisfied of our purpose to exclude all Chinese from the United States, it will institute reprisals of some kind. It would be certainly surprising if that government did not have the courage to repeat exactly against Americans the provisions of our laws against the Chinese.

## THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE Attorney-General's testimony does not seem to us to explain his action satisfactorily. The charge against him is a disregard of the proprieties of his official position, which necessarily impairs public confidence. When "five or six very impecunious men," as he describes the organizers of the Pan-electric scheme to be, give a Senator of the United States a large amount of the stock of their venture, he is morally bound to ask why he has been selected as an associate, and, in the light of all experience, to suspect and strictly scrutinize every such overture.

The Attorney-General states that he supposed the application to the government to be made on behalf of the Pan-electric scheme. Then, when he declined to act, he had no excuse for not warning Mr. GOODE, and requiring that under no circumstances should the Department of Justice move in the matter. If that was impossible, he should have relinquished at once all his interest. But if he decided to retain his interest, with equal promptness he should have resigned his office. Whenever a member of Congress or of the executive department enters into speculative ventures which may ask or which probably intend to ask in some way the action or aid of the government, he takes a responsibility of which he cannot divest himself. The moment that anything questionable appears, or his personal interest is seen not only to be involved in his official action, but to be affected by his mere official position, he must pay the penalty of loss of public confidence. This is probably the Pharisaic doctrine of political perfectibility. But it is also the common-sense of just such a situation as that in which the Attorney-General is placed.

It is unfortunate that the Attorney-General of the United States in such a position should have chosen to give his testimony before a committee of Congress in a tone which showed his singular unconsciousness of the gravity of the situation. His remarks that he had made little money at poker, and that he wished that the efforts of "the impecunious gentlemen" had panned out better, were very far from facetious, and tended only to confirm the conviction that a public man of such extraordinary want of perception is wholly out of place in the cabinet.

## PERSONAL.

A WELL-KNOWN Boston architect says that he never makes two sketches of a proposed house for a client. "If I should make two," he adds, "it would mix up my client, who would then want to see six or seven sketches. When an architect has arrived at a good solution of the problem before him, he should be able to present it absolutely in the first sketch."

—The singular popularity of the late Earl of Beaconsfield was shown again on the 19th of April, the fifth anniversary of his death, by the general wearing of the primrose on the part of the Conservatives, and the decoration with his favorite flower of his statue near the Houses of Parliament. In perhaps every town in England ladies carried bouquets of primroses and men wore boutonnières.

—The memory of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK is still cherished by the inhabitants of Guilford, Connecticut, where the poet used to live, and where he is buried. One of them recalls the impression made by the venerable man as he passed along the principal street of the town with a large market-basket on his arm. His later days were somewhat disturbed by penury, and he often returned with only a few eggs. In the house where he dwelt with his sister there were at least a dozen pet cats, which were all brought to Miss HALLECK'S bedside when she was dying, receiving one after another a sad farewell.

—In a shop window in Boston is a large photograph of Mr. GLADSTONE, to which is appended the following modest autographic note: "With Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE'S compliments. If Mr. TOWLE chose to be at the H. of Commons on Monday at 4.30, and to send his name in to Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE might be able to get him a better place. C. H. Terrace, July 11, 63."

—The occupant of a flat in an apartment-house in this city wants to know if it is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that he should be subpœnaed four times, and lose the best part of four days, because an accident—which he did not witness—occurred in the elevator of the building where he resides.

—The most remarkable increase in the value of an oil-painting appears in the case of MILLET'S "Angelus"—two French peasants bowing their heads in a potato field at the sound of the distant church-bell. MILLET sold it to a Paris art dealer for $100; the dealer sold it to M. WILSON, a Paris manufacturer, for $7500; M. WILSON sold it to M. SECRETAN, another manufacturer, for $32,000; M. SECRETAN sold it to a Paris art dealer, but soon repented and bought it back for $40,000. He has since been offered $50,000 for it. The history of picture-selling has nothing to match this.

—"All is absurd in the history of art," said a dealer the other day. "MILLET lived only by loans. So did ROUSSEAU. So did JULES DUPRÉ, until ten years ago. MICHEL died at a hospital, leaving many paintings on paper because he was too poor to buy canvas. A portfolio of ten of those paintings sold for ten francs, all told. Recently one of the ten pictures fetched $800. The success of an artist is mostly a question of management. If two or three well-known amateurs lead, the others will follow. They will not understand, but they will buy."

—An intimate friend of COROT, who was often a visitor in his studio at Ville-d'Avray, declares that the artist painted his best pictures in one day each. The same authority relates that he has seen ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, and JULES DUPRÉ begin and finish one of their most successful paintings within twelve hours.

—A distinguished foreign visitor at Mr. VANDERBILT'S gallery was asked what struck him most. "The servant's bringing me a magnifying-glass," he answered, "to look at the pictures with."

—Mrs. ABBA GOULD WOOLSON, author of an interesting and discriminating tribute entitled *George Eliot and her Heroines: A Study*, soon to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been chosen as poet of the centennial anniversary of the city of Portland, Maine, which will take place on the Fourth of July next.

—A new author has arisen who attempts to prove that it is to VOLTAIRE that we owe the famous story of NEWTON and the falling apple. He shows that the story is not found in the *Life of Sir Isaac Newton* published in 1728, but that it first appears in the *Éléments de la Philosophie de Newton*, by VOLTAIRE, who quotes NEWTON'S niece as his authority. VOLTAIRE, however, does not say that NEWTON saw an apple fall, but "some fruit of a tree."

—Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT, in order to illustrate what she describes as "the deplorable degree to which women let private selfishness pervert their ideas of public affairs," mentions that about the year 1878, when England seemed to be on the brink of war with Russia, she heard the wife of a Liberal member of Parliament say, "I would rather there were a war than a general election, because the excitement of an election always makes my husband ill."

—In the light of the present decline of Italian opera, the following cautious announcement in the London *Athenæum* is suggestive: "We learn that there is a likelihood of an Italian opera season under Mr. J. H. MAPLESON, who will arrive in London next week."

—Prince BISMARCK to the German Reichstag: "Germany has had fifteen years of peace, and her people are not yet content. Therefore I am in a hurry for reforms, so that if a war really breaks out, the Empire may be able to stand firm."

—DE LESSEPS had a great welcome on returning from the Panama Canal to Paris. Tumultuous cheers greeted him as he emerged from the railway carriage, and the drive to his new house in the Avenue Montaigne was through an enthusiastic crowd.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE and Mr. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP collaborated as follows in writing their new comedy, called *Tactics*, which Madame MODJESKA expects to produce next autumn, and for which she has already made a substantial royalty-payment. Mr. LATHROP suggested to Mr. HAWTHORNE that the latter's novel *Pauline* contained some dramatic material which might form the basis of a play. Mr. HAWTHORNE sent him a copy of the novel. Mr. LATHROP proceeded to write out a play. When the work was finished, after the end of a month, he showed it to Mr. HAWTHORNE. The two authors talked the MS. over, and Mr. HAWTHORNE entered certain suggestions in the margin. He then went home and wrote out a drama of his own, founded upon the same story. Mr. LATHROP, in turn, read this MS. over carefully, and entered suggestions in the margin. The finished drama, as it now stands, contains the results of each author's labors, in about equal proportions. Madame MODJESKA will assume the part of the heroine—an English prima donna, who appears only in domestic life, and not professionally.

THE CYCLONE.

SAUK RAPIDS AFTER THE CYCLONE.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

A WRECKED HOME.

THE CYCLONE IN MINNESOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Photographs by C. A. Zimmerman, St. Paul, Minnesota.—[See Page 282.]

W. C. WHITTHORNE, SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

CHENG TSAO JU, THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

THE PROPOSED CAPITOL OF COLORADO.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

"'COME IN, COME IN,' IMPLORED ELIZABETH, 'AND LET ME SHUT THE WINDOW!'"

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

Without waiting for Lucetta's reply, she crossed quickly to the window and pulled out one of the shutters. Lucetta glided to her side. "Let it be—hush!" she said, peremptorily, in a dry voice, while she seized Elizabeth Jane by the hand and held up her finger. Their intercourse had been so low and hurried that not a word had been lost of the conversation without, which had thus proceeded:

"Her neck is uncovered, and her hair in bands, and her back comb in place; she's got on a puce silk, and white stockings, and colored shoes—"

Again Elizabeth Jane attempted to close the window, but Lucetta held her by main force.

"—And upon her white neck a gold necklace, and in the middle of it a thing like a watch."

"And ear-drops?"

"Ear-drops for all the world like the pendulum of the clock that shows his inside in Facey's window."

Lucetta turned to her companion. "'Tis me," she said, with a face pale as death. "A procession—a scandal—an effigy of me, and him!"

The look of Elizabeth betrayed that the latter knew it already.

"Let us shut it out," coaxed Elizabeth Jane, noting that the rigid wildness of Lucetta's features was growing yet more rigid and wild with the nearing of the noise and laughter. "Let us shut it out!"

"It is of no use!" she shrieked out. "He will see it, won't he? Donald will see it. He is just coming home—and it will break his heart—he will never love me any more—and oh, it will kill me—kill me!"

Elizabeth Jane was frantic now. "Oh! can't something be done to stop it?" she cried. "Is there nobody to do it—not one?"

She relinquished Lucetta's hands, and ran to the door. Lucetta herself, saying recklessly, "I will see it!" turned to the window, threw up the sash, and went out upon the balcony. Elizabeth immediately followed her, and put her arm round her to pull her in. Lucetta's eyes were straight upon the spectacle of the uncanny revel, now advancing rapidly. The numerous lights around the two effigies threw them up into lurid distinctness: it was impossible to mistake the pair for other than the intended victims.

"Come in, come in," implored Elizabeth, "and let me shut the window!"

"She's me—she's me—even to the parasol—my green parasol!" cried Lucetta, with a wild laugh, as she stepped in. She stood motionless for one second, then fell heavily to the floor.

Almost at the instant of her fall the rude music of the skimmington ceased. The roars of sarcastic laughter went off in ripples, and the tramping died out like the rustle of a spent wind. Elizabeth was only indirectly conscious of this; she had rung the bell, and was bending over Lucetta, who remained convulsed on the carpet in the paroxysms of an epileptic seizure. She rang again and again, in vain, the probability being that the servants had all run out of the house to see more of the Demoniac Sabbath than they could see within.

At last Farfrae's man, who had been agape on the door-step, came up; then the cook. The shutters, hastily pushed to by Elizabeth, were quite closed, a light was obtained, Lucetta carried to her room, and the man sent off for a doctor. While Elizabeth was undressing her she recovered consciousness, but as soon as she remembered what had passed, the fit returned.

The doctor arrived with unhoped-for promptitude; he had been standing at his door, like others, wondering what the uproar meant. As soon as he saw the unhappy sufferer, he said, in answer to Elizabeth's mute appeal, "This is serious."

"It is a fit," Elizabeth said.

"Yes. But a fit in the present state of her health means mischief. You must send at once for Mr. Farfrae. Where is he?"

"He has driven into the country, sir," said the parlor-maid—"to some place on the Budmouth Road. He's likely to be back soon."

"Never mind; he must be sent for, in case he should not hurry."

The doctor returned to the bedside again. The man was despatched, and they soon heard him clattering out of the yard at the back.

Meanwhile Mr. Benjamin Grower, that prominent burgess of whom mention has already been made, hearing the din of cleavers, kits, crouds, humstrums, serpents, rams'-horns, and other historical kinds of music as he sat in-doors in the High Street, had put on his hat and gone out to learn the cause. He came to the corner above Farfrae's, and soon guessed the nature of the proceedings; for, being a native of the town, he had witnessed such rough jests before. His first move was to search hither and thither for the constables; there were two in the town, shrivelled men whom he ultimately found in hiding up an alley, yet more shrivelled than usual, having some not ungrounded fears that they might be roughly handled if seen.

"What can we two poor lammigers do against such a multitude?" expostulated Stubberd, in answer to Mr. Grower's chiding. "'Tis tempting 'em to commit *felo-de-se* upon us, and that would be the death of the perpetrator; and we wouldn't be the cause of a fellow-creature's death, on no account, not we."

"Get some help, then. Here, I'll come with you. We'll see what a few words of authority can do. Quick, now; have ye got your staves?"

"We didn't want the folk to notice us as law-officers, being so short-handed, sir, so we pushed our gover'ment staves up this water-pipe."

"Out with 'em, and come along, for Heaven's sake! Ah, here's Mr. Blowbody! that's lucky." (Blowbody was the third of the three borough magistrates.)

"Well, what's the row?" said Blowbody. "Got their names, hey?"

"No. Now," said Grower to one of the constables, "you go with Mr. Blowbody round by the Old Walk, and come up the street; and I'll go with Stubberd straight forward. By this plan we shall have 'em between us. Get their names only: no attack or interruption."

Thus they started. But as Stubberd with Mr. Grower advanced into Corn Street, whence the sounds had proceeded, they were surprised that no procession could be seen. They passed Farfrae's, and looked to the end of the street. The lamp flames waved, the Walk trees soughed, a few loungers stood about with their hands in their pockets. Everything was as usual.

"Have you seen a motley crowd, making a disturbance?" Grower said, magisterially, to one of these in a fustian jacket, who smoked a short pipe and wore straps round his knees.

"Beg your pardon, sir?" blandly said the person addressed, who was no other than Charl, of Peter's Finger. Mr. Grower repeated the words.

Charl shook his head to the zero of child-like ignorance. "No; we hain't seen nothing; have we, Jo? And you was here afore I."

Joseph was quite as blank as the other in his reply.

"H'm—that's odd," said Mr. Grower. "Ah—here's a respectable man coming that I know by sight. Have you," he inquired, addressing the nearing shape of Jopp—"have you seen any gang of fellows making a devil of a noise—skimmington riding, or something of the sort?"

"Oh no—nothing, sir," Jopp replied, as if butter would not melt in his mouth. "But I've not been far to-night, so perhaps—"

"Oh, 'twas here—just here," said the magistrate.

"Now I've noticed, come to think o' 't, that the wind in the Walk trees makes a peculiar poetical-like murmur to-night, sir; more than common; so perhaps 'twas that?" Jopp suggested, as he rearranged his hand in his great-coat pocket (where it ingeniously supported a pair of kitchen tongs and a cow's-horn, thrust up under his waistcoat).

"No, no, no—d'ye think I'm a fool! Constable, come this way. They must have gone into the back street."

Neither in back street nor in front street, however, could the disturbers be perceived; and Blowbody and the second constable, who came up at this time, brought similar intelligence. Effigies, donkey, lanterns, band, all had disappeared like the crew of Comus.

"Now," said Mr. Grower, "there's only one thing more we can do. Get ye half a dozen helpers, and go in a body to Mixen Lane, and into Peter's Finger. I'm much mistaken if you don't find a clew to the perpetrators there."

The rusty-jointed executors of the law mustered assistance as soon as they could, and the whole party marched off to the lane of notoriety. It was no rapid matter to get there at night, not a lamp or glimmer of any sort offering itself to light the way, except an occasional pale radiance through some window-curtain, or through the chink of some door which could not be closed because of the smoky chimney within. At last they entered the inn boldly, by the till then bolted front door, after a prolonged knocking of loudness commensurate with the importance of their standing.

In the settles of the large room, guyed to the ceiling by cords as usual, for stability's sake, an ordinary group sat drinking and smoking with preternatural quietness of demeanor. The landlady looked mildly at the invaders, saying, in honest accents: "Good-evening, gentlemen; there's plenty of room. I hope there's nothing amiss?"

They looked round the room. "Surely," said Stubberd to one of the men, "I saw you by now in Corn Street—Mr. Grower spoke to 'ee?"

The man, who was Charl, shook his head absently. "I've been here this last hour, hain't I, Nance?" he said to the woman who meditatively sipped her ale near him.

"Faith, that you have. I came in for my quiet supper-time half-pint, and you was here then, as was all the rest."

The other constable was facing the clock-case, where he saw reflected in the glass a quick motion by the landlady. Turning sharply he caught her closing the oven door.

"Something curious about that oven, ma'am?" he observed, advancing, opening it, and drawing out a tambourine.

"Oh," she said, apologetically, "that's what we keep here to use when there's a little quiet dancing. You see, damp weather spoils it, so I put it there to keep it dry."

The constable nodded knowingly; but what he knew was nothing. Nohow could anything be elicited from this mute and inoffensive assembly. In a few minutes the investigators went out, and joining those of their auxiliaries who had been left at the door, they pursued their way elsewhither.

## CHAPTER XL.

Long before this time, Henchard, weary of his ruminations on the bridge, had repaired toward the town. When he stood at the bottom of the street a procession burst upon his view, in the act of turning out of an alley just above him. The lanterns, horns, and multitude startled him; he saw the mounted images, and knew what it all meant.

They crossed the way, entered another street, and disappeared. He turned back a few steps, and was lost in grave reflection, finally wending his way homeward by the obscure river-side path. Unable to rest there, he went to his step-daughter's lodging, and was told that Elizabeth Jane had gone to Mrs. Farfrae's. Like one acting in obedience to a charm, and with a nameless apprehension, he followed in the same direction, in the hope of meeting her, the roisterers having vanished. Disappointed in this, he gave the gentlest of pulls to the door-bell, and then learnt particulars of what had occurred, together with the doctor's imperative orders that Farfrae should be brought home, and how they had set out to meet him on the Budmouth Road.

"But he has gone to Mellstock and Weatherbury!" exclaimed Henchard, now unspeakably grieved. "Not Budmouth way at all."

But, alas! for Henchard; he had lost his good name. They would not believe him, taking his words but as the frothy utterances of recklessness. Though Lucetta's life seemed at that moment to depend upon her husband's return (she being in great mental agony lest he should never know how little she was to blame for her past relations with Henchard), no messenger was despatched toward Weatherbury. Henchard, in a state of bitter anxiety and contrition, determined to seek Farfrae himself.

To this end he hastened down the town, ran along the eastern road over the moor, up the hill beyond, and thus onward in the moderate darkness of this spring night till he had reached a second and a third hill about three miles distant. In a cutting on the summit of the last he listened. At first nothing beyond his own heart-throbs was to be heard but the slow wind making its moan among the masses of spruce and larch which clothed the heights on either hand; but presently there came the sound of light wheels whetting their felloes against the newly stoned patches of road, accompanied by the distant glimmer of lights.

He knew it was Farfrae's gig, from an indescribable personality in its noise, the vehicle having been his own till bought by the Scotchman at the sale of his effects. Henchard thereupon descended the hill on its further side, meeting the gig as its driver slackened speed at the foot of the incline.

It was a point in the highway at which the road to Mellstock branched off from the homeward direction. By diverging to that village, as he had intended to do, Farfrae might probably delay his return by a couple of hours. It soon appeared that his intention was to do so still, the light swerving toward the by-road. Farfrae's off gig-lamp flashed in Henchard's face. At the same time Farfrae discerned his late antagonist.

"Farfrae—Mr. Farfrae!" cried the breathless Henchard, holding up his hand.

Farfrae allowed the horse to turn several steps into the branch lane before he pulled up. He then drew rein, and said "Yes?" over his shoulder, as one would toward a pronounced enemy.

"Come back to Casterbridge at once!" Henchard said. "There's something wrong at your house, requiring your return. I've run all the way here on purpose to tell 'ee."

Farfrae was silent, and at his silence Henchard's soul sank within him. Why had he not before this thought of what was only too obvious? He who, four hours earlier, had enticed Farfrae into a deadly wrestle, stood now in the darkness of late night-time on a lonely road, at a point where it plunged into a cutting through a wood; he invited the man, whom on the first occasion he had let off, to enter that wood, when his purposed way was across an open upland, where there was at least a better opportunity of guarding himself from attack. Henchard could almost feel this view of things in course of passage through Farfrae's mind.

"I have to go to Mellstock," said Farfrae, coldly, as he loosened his rein to move on.

"But," implored Henchard, "the matter is more serious than your business at Mellstock. It is your wife. She is ill. I can tell you particulars as we go along."

The very agitation and hesitancy of Henchard increased Farfrae's suspicion that this was a ruse to decoy him into the wood, where might be effectually compassed what, from policy or want of nerve, Henchard had failed to do earlier in the day. He started the horse.

"I know what you think," deprecated Henchard, running after, almost bowed down with despair as he perceived the monstrous image of unscrupulous villainy that he had assumed in his former friend's eyes. "But I am not what you think!" he cried, hoarsely. "Believe me, Farfrae, I have come entirely on your own and your wife's account. She is in danger. I know no more; and they want you to come. Your man has gone the other way in a mistake. Oh, Farfrae, don't mistrust me—I am a wretched man, but my heart is true to you still!"

Farfrae, however, did distrust him utterly. He had left his wife not long ago in perfect health; and Henchard's treachery was more credible than his story. He had in his time heard bitter ironies from Henchard's lips, and there might be ironies now. He quickened the horse's pace, and had soon risen into the open country lying between there and Mellstock, Henchard's spasmodic run after him lending yet more substance to his thought of evil purposes.

The gig and its driver lessened against the sky in Henchard's eyes: his exertions for Farfrae's good had been in vain. Over this repentant sinner, at least, there was to be no joy in heaven. He cursed himself like a less scrupulous Job, as a vehement man will do when he loses self-respect, the last mental prop under poverty. To this he had come after a time of emotional darkness, of which the adjoining woodland shade afforded inadequate illustration. Presently he began to walk back again along the way by which he had come. Farfrae should at all events have no reason for delay upon the road by seeing him there when he took his journey homeward later on.

Arriving at Casterbridge, Henchard went again to Farfrae's house to make inquiries. As soon as the door opened anxious faces confronted his from the staircase, hall, and landing; and they all said, in grievous disappointment, "Oh—it is not he!" The man, finding his mistake, had long since returned, and all hopes had been centred upon Henchard.

"But haven't you found him?" said the doctor.

"Yes....I cannot tell 'ee!" Henchard replied, as he sank down on a chair within the entrance. "He can't be home for two hours."

"H'm," said the physician, returning upstairs.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

"How is she?" asked Henchard of Elizabeth Jane, who formed one of the group.

"In great danger. Her anxiety to see her husband makes her fearfully restless. Poor woman—I fear they have killed her!"

Henchard regarded the sympathetic speaker for a few instants as if she struck him in a new light; then, without further remark, went out of the door and onward to his lonely cottage. So much for man's rivalry, he thought. Death was to have the oyster, and Farfrae and himself the shells. But about Elizabeth Jane: in the midst of his gloom she seemed to him as a pin-point of light. He had liked the look of her face as she answered him from the stairs. There had been affection in it, and above all things what he desired now was affection from anything that was good and pure. She was not his own; yet, for the first time, he had a faint dream that he might get to like her as his own—if she would only continue to love him.

Jopp was just going to bed when Henchard got home. As the latter entered the door, Jopp said, "This is rather bad about Mrs. Farfrae's illness."

"Yes," said Henchard, shortly, though little dreaming of Jopp's complicity in the night's harlequinade, and raising his eyes just sufficiently to observe that Jopp's face was lined with anxiety.

"Somebody has called for you," continued Jopp, when Henchard was shutting himself into his own apartment. "A kind of traveller, or sea-captain of some sort."

"Oh!—who could he be?"

"He seemed a well-be-doing man—had gray hair and a broadish face; but he gave no name, and no message."

"Nor do I gie him any attention." And saying this, Henchard closed his door.

The divergence to Mellstock delayed Farfrae's return very nearly the two hours of Henchard's estimate. Among the other urgent reasons for his presence had been the need of his authority to send to Budmouth for a second physician; and when at length Farfrae did come back, he was in a state bordering on distraction at his misconception of Henchard's motives.

A messenger was despatched to Budmouth, late as it had grown; the night wore on, and the other doctor came in the small hours. Lucetta had been much soothed by Donald's arrival; he seldom or never left her side; and when, immediately after his entry, she had tried to lisp out to him the secret which so oppressed her, he checked her feeble words, lest talking should be dangerous, assuring her there was plenty of time to tell him everything.

Up to this time he knew nothing of the skimmington ride. The dangerous illness of Mrs. Farfrae was soon rumored through the town, and an apprehensive guess having been given as to its cause by the protagonists in the exploit, compunction and fear threw a dead silence over all particulars of their orgy; while those immediately around Lucetta would not venture to add to her husband's distress by alluding to the subject.

What, and how much, Farfrae's wife ultimately explained to him of her past entanglement with Henchard, when they were alone in the solitude of that sad night, cannot be told. That she informed him of the bare facts of her void marriage with the bankrupt merchant became plain from Farfrae's own statements. But in respect of her subsequent conduct—her motive in coming to Casterbridge to reunite herself with Henchard—her assumed justification in abandoning him when she discovered reasons for fearing him—her inconsequent passion for another man at first sight—her method of reconciling to her conscience a marriage with the second when she was in a measure the partner of the first: to what extent she spoke of these things remained Farfrae's secret alone.

Besides the watchman who called the hours and weather in Casterbridge that night, there walked a figure up and down Corn Street hardly less frequently. It was Henchard's, whose retiring to rest had proved itself a futility as soon as attempted; and he gave it up to go hither and thither, and make inquiries about the patient every now and then. He called as much on Farfrae's account as on Lucetta's, and on Elizabeth Jane's even more than on either's. Shorn one by one of all other interests, his life seemed centring on the personality of the step-daughter whose presence but recently he could not endure. To see her on each occasion of his inquiry at Lucetta's was a comfort to him.

The last of his calls was made about four o'clock in the morning, in the steely light of dawn. Lucifer was fading into day over Dummerford Moor, the sparrows were just alighting into the street, and the hens had begun to cackle from the out-houses. When within a few yards of Farfrae's he saw the door gently opened, and a servant raise her hand to the knocker to untie the piece of cloth which had muffled it. He went across, the sparrows in his way scarcely flying up from the horse-droppings, so little did they believe in human aggression at so early a time.

"Why do you take off that?" said Henchard.

She turned in some surprise at his presence, and did not answer for an instant or two. Recognizing him, she said, "Because they may knock as loud as they will; she will never hear it any more."

## CHAPTER XLI.

Henchard went home. The morning having now fully broke, he lit his fire, and sat abstractedly beside it. He had not sat there long when a gentle footstep approached the house and entered the passage, a finger tapping lightly at the door. Henchard's face brightened, for he knew the motions to be Elizabeth's. She came into his room, looking pale and sad.

"Have you heard?" she asked. "Mrs. Farfrae? She is—dead! Yes, indeed, about an hour ago."

"I know it," said Henchard. "I have but lately come in from there. It is so very good of ye, Elizabeth, to come and tell me. You must be so tired out, too, with sitting up. Now do you bide here with me this morning. You can go and rest in the other room; and I will call 'ee when breakfast is ready."

To please him and herself—for his recent kindliness was winning a surprised gratitude from the lonely girl—she did as he bade her, and lay down on a sort of couch which Henchard had rigged up out of a settle in the adjoining room. She could hear him moving about in his preparations; but her mind ran most strongly on Lucetta, whose death in such fulness of life, and amid such cheerful hopes of maternity, was appallingly unexpected. Presently she fell asleep.

Meanwhile her step-father in the outer room had set the breakfast in readiness; but finding that she dozed, he would not call her. He waited on, looking into the fire and keeping the kettle boiling with housewifely care, as if it were an honor to have her in his house. In truth, a great change had come over him with regard to her, and he was developing the dream of a future lit by her filial presence, as though that way alone could happiness lie.

He was disturbed by another knock at the door, and rose to open it, rather deprecating a call from anybody just then. A stoutly built man stood on the door-step, with an alien, unfamiliar air about his figure and bearing—an air which might have been called colonial by people of cosmopolitan experience. It was the man who had asked the way at Peter's Finger. Henchard nodded, and looked inquiry.

"Good-morning, good-morning," said the stranger, with profuse heartiness. "Is it Mr. Henchard I am talking to?"

"My name is Henchard."

"Then I caught ye at home—that's right. Morning's the time for business," says I. "Can I have a few words with 'ee?"

"By all means," Henchard answered, showing the way in.

"You may remember me?" said his visitor, seating himself.

Henchard observed him indifferently, and shook his head.

"Well—perhaps you may not. My name is Newson."

Henchard's face and eyes seemed to die. The other did not notice it. "I know the name well," Henchard said at last, looking on the floor.

"I make no doubt of that. Well, the fact is, I've been looking for ye this fortnight past. I went through Casterbridge on my way to Weydon Priors, and when I got there, they told me you had some years before been living at Casterbridge. Back came I again, and by long and by late I got here by coach ten minutes ago. 'He lives down by the mill,' says they. So here I am. Now—that transaction between us some twenty years agone—'tis that I've called about. 'Twas a curious business. I was younger then than I am now, and perhaps the less said about it, in one sense, the better."

"Curious business? 'Twas worse than curious. I cannot even allow that I'm the man you met then. I was not in my senses, and a man's senses are himself."

"We were young and thoughtless," said Newson. "However, I've come to mend matters rather than open arguments. Poor Susan—hers was a strange experience."

"It was."

"She was a warm-hearted, homespun woman. She was not what they call shrewd or sharp at all—better she had been."

"She was not."

"As you in all likelihood know, she was simple-minded enough to think that the sale was binding. She was as guiltless o' wrong-doing in that particular as a saint in the clouds."

"I know it—I know it. I found it out directly," said Henchard, still with averted eyes. "There lay the sting o't to me. If she had known the truth, she would never have left me. Never! But how should she be expected to know? What advantages had she? None. She could write her own name, and no more."

"Well, it was not in my heart to undeceive her when the deed was done," said the sailor of former days. "I thought—and there was not much vanity in thinking it—that she would be happier with me. She was fairly happy, and I never would have undeceived her till the day of her death. Your child died; she had another, and all went well. But a time came—mark me, a time always does come; a time came—it was some while after she and I and the child returned from America—when somebody she had confided her history to told her my claim to her was a mockery, and made a jest of her belief in my right. After that she was never happy with me. She pined and pined, and socked and sighed. She said she must leave me, and then came the question of our child. Then a man advised me what to do, and I did it, for I thought it was best. I left her at Falmouth, and went off to sea. When I got to the other side of the Atlantic there was a storm, and it got into the papers that a lot of us, including myself, had been washed overboard. I got ashore at Newfoundland, and then I asked myself what I should do. 'Since I'm here, here I'll bide,' I thought to myself; ''twill be most kindness to her, now she's took against me, to let her believe me lost; for,' I thought, 'while she supposes us both alive she'll be miserable; but if she thinks me dead, she'll go back to him, and the child will have a home.' I've never returned to this country till a month ago, and I found that, as I had supposed, she went to you, and my daughter with her. They told me in Falmouth that Susan was dead. But Elizabeth Jane—where is she?"

"Dead likewise," said Henchard, doggedly. "Surely you learned that too?"

The sailor started up, and took an enervated pace or two down the room. "Dead!" he said, in a low voice. "Then what's the use of my money to me?"

Henchard, without answering, shook his head, as if that were rather a question for Newson himself than for him.

"Where is she buried?" the traveller inquired.

"Beside her mother," said Henchard, in the same stolid tones.

"When did she die?"

"Two years ago next twenty-fourth of March," replied the other, without hesitation.

The sailor continued standing. Henchard never looked up from the floor. At last Newson said: "My journey hither has been for nothing. I may as well go as I came. It has served me right. I'll trouble you no longer."

Henchard heard the retreating footsteps of Newson upon the sanded floor, the mechanical lifting of the latch, the slow opening and closing of the door that was natural to a balked or dejected man; but he did not turn his head. Newson's shadow passed the window. He was gone.

Then Henchard, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses, rose from his seat, amazed at what he had done. It had been the impulse of a moment. The regard he had lately acquired for Elizabeth, the new-sprung hope of his loneliness that she would be to him a daughter of whom he could feel as proud as of the actual daughter she still believed herself to be, had been stimulated by the unexpected coming of Newson to a greedy exclusiveness in relation to her; so that the sudden prospect of her loss had caused him to speak mad lies like a child, in pure mockery of consequences. He had expected questions to close in round him and unmask his fabrication in five minutes; yet such questions had not come. But surely they would come; Newson's departure could be but momentary; he would learn all by inquiries in the town; and return to curse him, and carry his last treasure away.

He hastily put on his hat, and went out in the direction that Newson had taken. Newson's back was soon visible up the road. Henchard followed, and saw his visitor stop at the Golden Crown, where the morning coach which had brought him waited half an hour for another coach which crossed there. The coach Newson had come by was now about to move again. Newson mounted; his luggage was put in; and in a few minutes the vehicle disappeared with him.

He had not so much as turned his head. It was an act of simple faith in Henchard's words—faith so simple as to be almost sublime. The young sailor who had taken Susan Henchard on the spur of the moment, and on the faith of a glance at her face, more than twenty years before, was still living and acting under the form of the grizzled traveller who had taken Henchard's words on trust so absolute as to shame him as he stood.

Was Elizabeth Jane to remain his by virtue of this hardy invention of a moment? "Perhaps not for long," said he. Newson might converse with his fellow-travellers, some of whom might be Casterbridge people, and the trick would be discovered.

This probability threw Henchard into a defensive attitude, and instead of considering how best to right the wrong, and acquaint Elizabeth's father with the truth at once, he bethought himself of ways to keep the position he had accidentally won. Toward the young woman herself his affection grew more jealously strong with each new hazard to which his claim to her was exposed.

He watched the distant highway, expecting to see Newson return on foot, enlightened and indignant, to claim his child. But no figure appeared. Possibly he had spoken to nobody on the coach, but buried his grief in his own heart.

His grief!—what was it, after all, to that which he, Henchard, would feel at the loss of her? Newson's affection, cooled by years, could not equal his who had been constantly in her presence. And thus his jealous soul speciously argued to excuse the separation of father and child.

He returned to the house half expecting that she would have vanished. No; there she was, just coming out from the inner room, the marks of sleep upon her eyelids, and exhibiting a generally refreshed air.

"Oh, father," she said, smiling, "I had no sooner laid down than I napped, though I did not mean to. And I had such a dream—not, as you might suppose, about poor Mrs. Farfrae, but another person. How strange it is that we do not often dream of latest events, absorbing as they may be!"

"What was your dream?" he asked, taking her hand with anxious proprietorship—an act which gave her a pleasant surprise.

"Oh, it was only a dream, and it is foolish to tell it," she said. He did not press the subject, and she remained in thought a long while.

They sat down to breakfast, and Elizabeth Jane's thoughts reverted to Lucetta. Their sadness added charm to a countenance whose beauty had ever lain in its meditative soberness.

"Father," she said, as soon as she recalled herself to the outspread meal, "it is so kind of you to get this nice breakfast with your own hands, and I idly asleep the while."

"I do it every day," he replied. "You have left me; everybody has left me; how shall I live but by my own hands?"

"You are very lonely, are you not?"

"Ay, child—to a degree that you know nothing of. It is my own fault. You are the only one who has been near me for weeks. And you will come no more."

"Why do you say that? Indeed I will, if you would like to see me."

Henchard signified dubiousness. Though he had so lately hoped that Elizabeth Jane might again live in his house as daughter, he would not ask her to do so now. Newson might return at any moment, and what Elizabeth would think of him for his deception it were best to bear apart from her.

When they had breakfasted, his step-daughter still lingered, till the moment arrived at which Henchard was accustomed to go to his daily work. Then she arose, and with assurances of coming again soon, went up the hill in the morning sunlight.

"At this moment her heart is as warm toward me as mine is toward her; she would live with me here in this humble cottage for the asking! Yet before the evening probably he will have come, and then she will despise me."

This reflection, constantly repeated by Henchard to himself, accompanied him everywhere through the day. His mood was no longer that of the rebellious, ironical, reckless misadventurer, but the leaden gloom of one who has lost all that can make life interesting, or even tolerable. There would remain nobody for him to be proud of, nobody to fortify him; for Elizabeth Jane would soon be but as a stranger, and worse. Susan, Farfrae, Lucetta, Elizabeth—all had gone from him, one after one, either by his fault or by his misfortune.

To the east of Casterbridge lay moors and meadows, through which much water flowed. The wanderer in this direction, who should stand still for a few moments on a quiet night, might hear singular symphonies from these waters, as from a lampless orchestra, all playing in their sundry tones, from near and far parts of the moor. At a hole in a rotten weir they executed a recitative; where a tributary brook fell over a stone breastwork they trilled cheerily; under an arch they performed a metallic cymballing; and at Dummerford Hole they hissed. The spot at which their instrumentation rose loudest was a place called Ten Hatches, whence during high springs there proceeded a very fugue of sounds.

The river here was deep and strong at all times, and the hatches on this account were raised and lowered by cogs and a winch. A path led from the second bridge over the highway (so often mentioned) to these hatches, crossing the stream at their head by a narrow plank bridge. But after nightfall human beings were seldom found going that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

Mr. Cheng Tsao Ju, who will go to San Francisco about May 1, has taken up his quarters in a Washington hotel, thus vacating the Legation building, which has been swept and garnished in anticipation of the arrival of the new Minister, Mr. Chang Yin Hoon (so an obliging secretary of the Embassy says the name should be spelled).

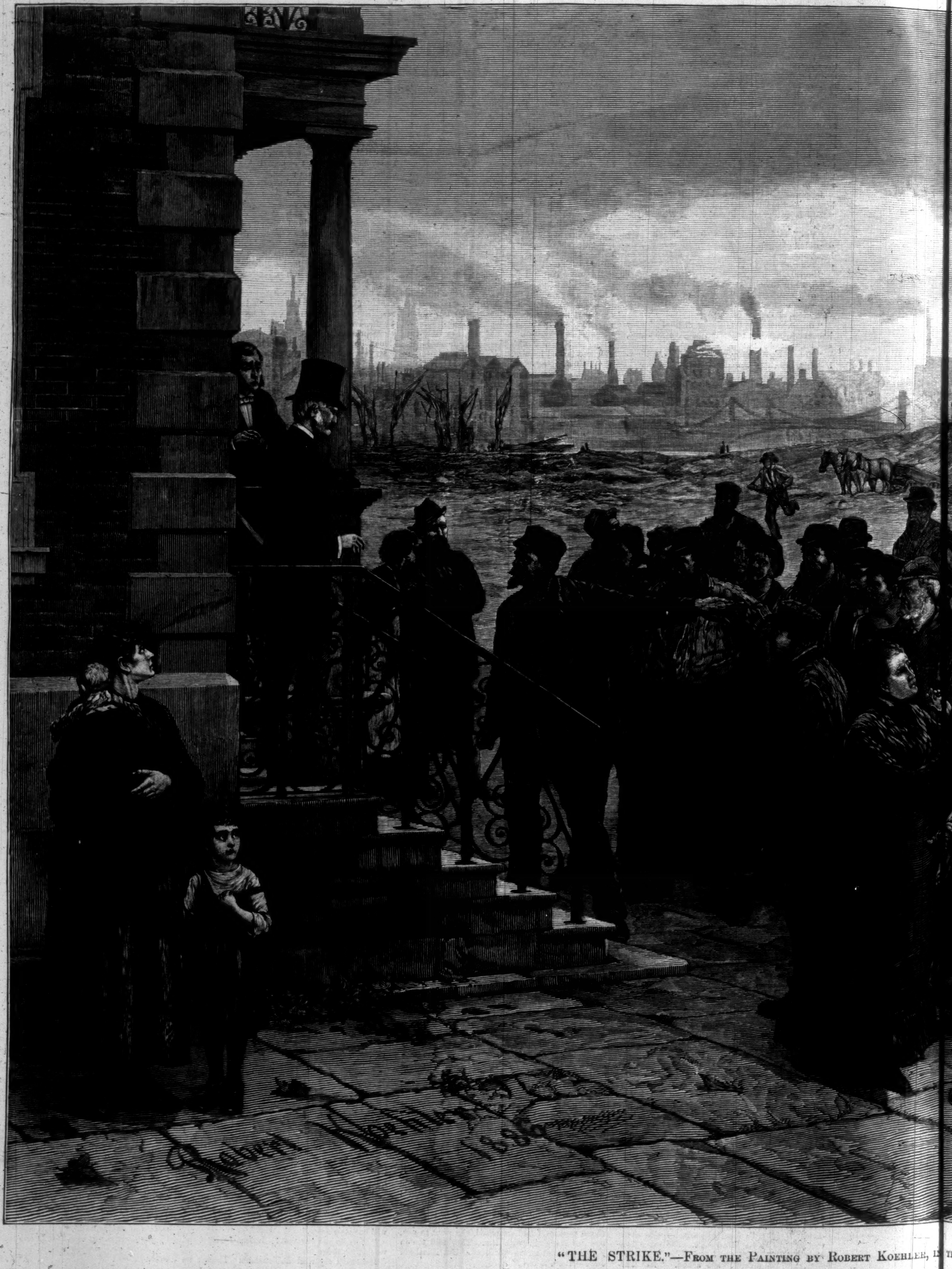
In spite of the obstacles thrown in his way by an official who thought more of pleasing the hoodlums than of complying with his instructions as to the reception of a friendly foreign diplomatist, this gentleman finally succeeded in leaving the steamer at San Francisco, and arrived at Chicago on April 20. He is accredited to Spain and Peru as well as to the United States, and will probably remain here some time before visiting the other two countries.

The new Minister's picture is given herewith. He is said to be a man of excellent presence and dignified appearance, thickset, and between forty-five and fifty years of age. He is a mandarin of the second class by brevet, thus ranking as did his predecessor on his first arrival here. Like him also he is a native of the province of Kwang-Tung (born at Foo-San), and won his position in the public service by brilliant success in competitive literary examinations. He has held four distinguished positions, having been Superintendent of Customs in Shan-Tung, Superintendent of Circuit in Ngan-Hway, Superintendent of Circuit in Chihli, and Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Tsung-Le-Yamun, or Foreign Office, at Pekin. Having thus had large experience in matters with which foreigners are specially concerned, he would seem to be well fitted for the intricate and arduous duties which he must inevitably be called upon to perform while in this country. As the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has unanimously instructed its chairman to report a bill for the payment of indemnity for the Wyoming outrages, it is permitted to hope that the passage of this bill may come in time to serve as a friendly greeting to the incoming Minister, and to cheer the excellent Cheng Tsao Ju on his homeward voyage across the Pacific.

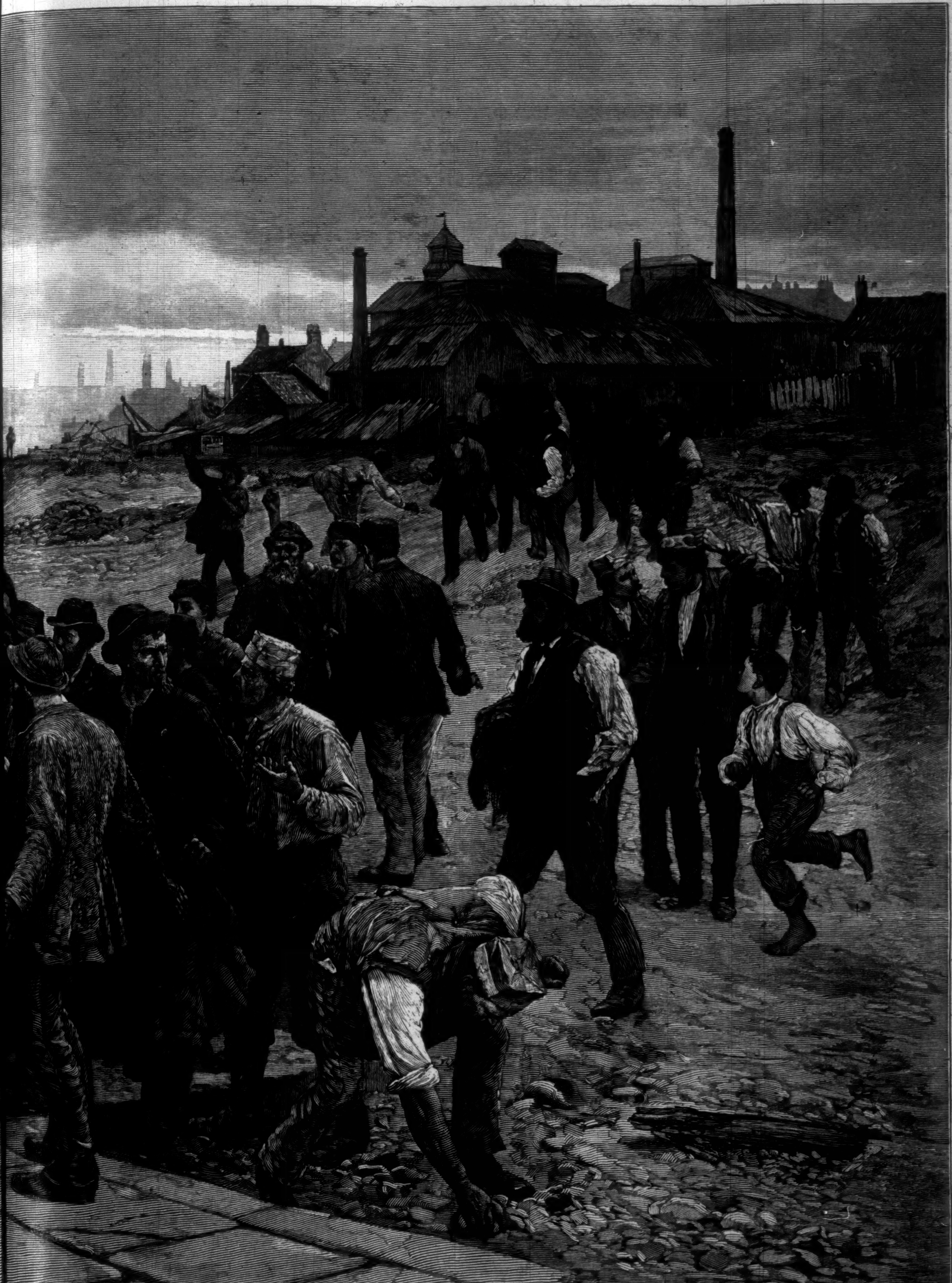
Chang Yin Hoon brings with him a staff of nineteen persons. Of these thirteen are regular members of the diplomatic service, three are students, and three military attachés. Included in this staff are two young men who formerly studied in this country, and who will act as translators.

We are so apt in America to take novel happenings and remarkable evidences of the world's progress as matters of course that we do not realize that the arrival of a Chinese Minister in the United States is really a very strange thing indeed. Less than thirty years ago Pekin was a mystical city even to foreign residents in China, and there were no more evidences of its existence than of that of the kingdom of Prester John. Twenty years ago nothing was more unlikely than that an ambassador should be sent from the Middle Kingdom to the barbarous tribes by whom said Middle Kingdom was popularly supposed to be surrounded, and from whom tribute-bearers were said to come humbly to the feet of its rulers. Yet to-day the telegraph announces, quite as a matter of course, not only that a Chinese Minister has arrived, but also that he has brought several cases of champagne with him. Truly the world moves!

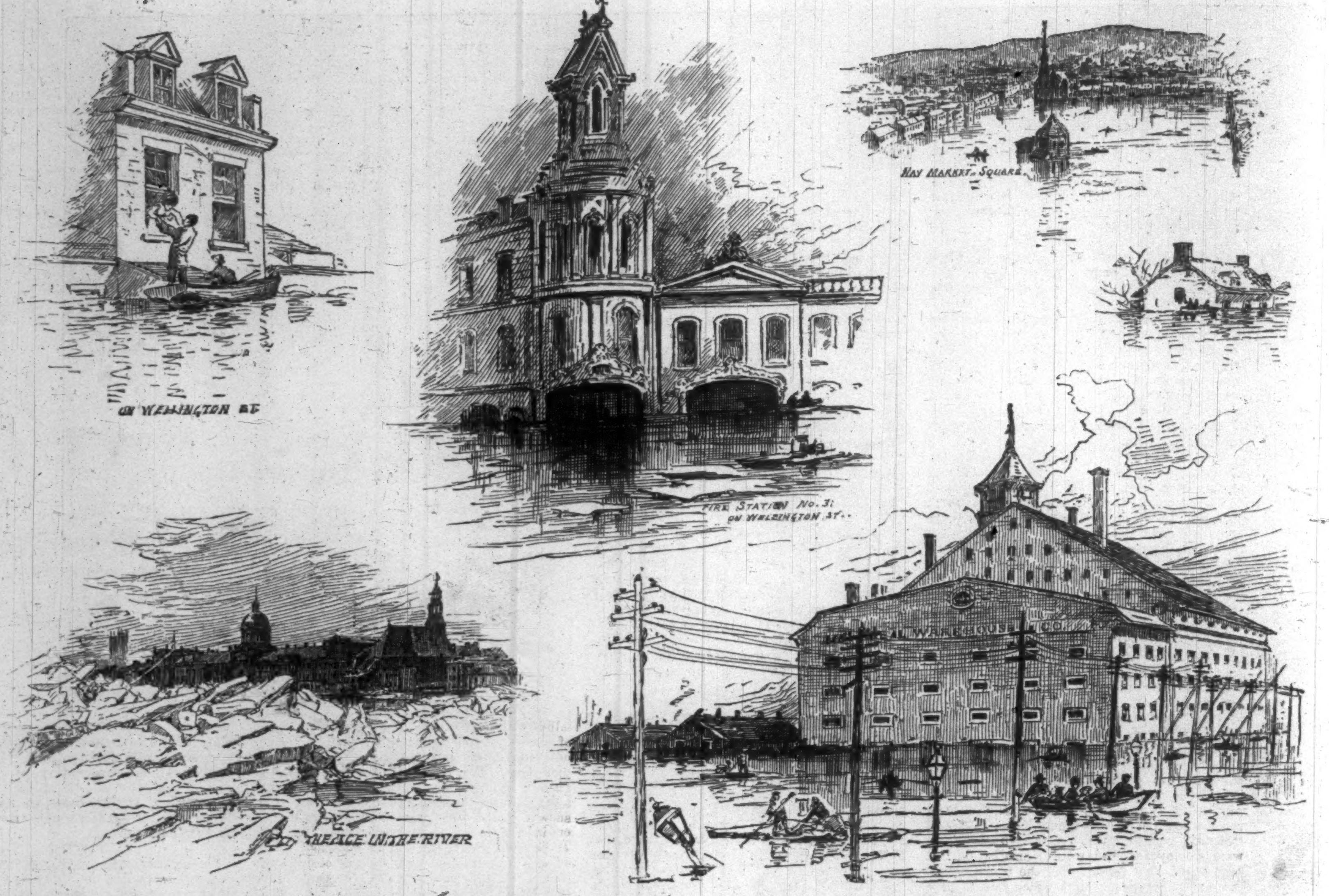
A. A. Hayes.



"THE STRIKE."—From the Painting by Robert Koehler, in t



THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.




THE FLOODS IN MONTREAL.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Sketches by James L. Wiseman.

## THE MONTREAL FLOODS.

Never, according to the testimony of an inhabitant of more than half a century, has Montreal been visited by such disastrous floods as those of this April. Fully one-half of the busy commercial capital of the Dominion was last week under water. For miles either way from the imposing Victoria Bridge there could be seen nothing but water, and the scene in and around Griffin Town is pitiable. This part of the city is comprised of working-men's dwelling-houses and large factories. The former were flooded up to the windows of the second floor. The inundation not only caused losses to the unfortunate occupiers of the lower tenements, through damage to furniture and clothes, but also further distress owing to the heads of the families having no work to do, the factories being temporarily closed. Some forty thousand hands were thrown out of work, a great portion being factory girls.

In Wellington Street, which is occupied by working-men, the distress is greatest. Whole families are rendered destitute, many escaping barely with their lives, so sudden was the rush of the waters. Rafts, hastily constructed of the broken sidewalks, were pushed here and there bearing away families with what little property they had saved. Upward of ten thousand houses have had water in their front and back rooms up to the ceiling, and in nearly every instance the furniture and ornaments have been swallowed up by the mud-colored tide. In many houses, those living in the upper portions shared their rooms with other families, in some instances three households occupying two rooms. The priests and clergymen were rowed from door to door to seek out extreme cases for immediate assistance. The churches were all flooded, and mass was with difficulty said in the Catholic chapel near Kennedy Street. So far, but one death from drowning is known. The losses up to the present are incalculable, a million dollars being the lowest computation of the sum that represents the damage done to stock, engines, and private abodes.

## THE CYCLONE IN MINNESOTA.

It is impossible in words to describe the utter desolation which the recent cyclone has caused to the two towns of Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud. Seventy-five people were killed, and about one hundred and fifty more still lie in hospital. That much can be stated; but there are no phrases or figures which can picture the ruins that the tornado has left behind it.

The storm struck St. Cloud, travelling from the southwest—as it chances, the most fortunate point at which it could have come upon the city, for a large tract of land on that side has been withheld from the market by speculators, and was almost destitute of buildings, so that the main strength of the storm here was spent on open prairie. On either side of this open tract, however (the Rosenberger estate), the land was sparsely dotted with residences, most of them of the poorer class. In all some sixty-five houses came within the circle over which the terrible funnel was working, and of these, except in the case of one large brick building, there is not so much as three feet of a foundation now standing. Walking through the ruins, it is hard to believe, so utter has been the demolition, that there could ever have been any entire houses standing here. For the most part there was a certain space between the several buildings, and when the cyclone struck them it had something of an area over which to strew the ruins of each. The houses have not collapsed; they are dashed across the ground as a man may dash a pack of cards across a table. There are no large ruins, nothing solid or majestic, no imposing piles of wreckage, save on the outskirts of the fatal swath, where only half the force was felt, but the remnants lie spread thinly over the land.

From among this wreckage thirteen dead bodies were drawn immediately after the disaster. Eleven more have since died, and not less than sixty are still in the doctors' hands.

But this was the smallest part of the damage. The Mississippi passes on the east side of St. Cloud, running due south. The cyclone struck the river, travelling northeast, and then swung up-stream due north. One mile further up the river, and on the opposite bank, stood Sauk Rapids. For one mile up-stream the storm proceeded. As soon as it arrived opposite the town it swung directly to the right, resuming its old course to the northeast, and plunged full into the centre of the village. Here there was no open tract on which it could spend its strength. Right into the broad side of the little town it burst its way, sweeping as it went the last span from the railroad bridge across the stream, and snatching up the large Stanton flouring-mill and the Northern Pacific depot, which stood between the river and the town.

It is not any one section of Sauk Rapids that has gone; it is not the north end or the south end; it is the whole town. At the lower extremity four or five houses still keep a foot-hold in the earth, though badly shattered and twisted from their right position. At the upper extremity still stand about twice the number—just enough to supply hospitals and dead-houses and quarters for the relief committee. Between these two extremes once lay the town. Now there is nothing but a broad expanse of shattered lath and plaster, broken boards, and fragments of household goods. The desolation is complete. On all sides stretches the same Sahara of dust and débris; all that is left of two hundred homes, so levelled that an iron safe suffices for a landmark, and the largest eminence in the whole surface is the brick vault of the county court-house, from over which the court-house was snatched to be scattered piecemeal over twenty miles of prairie. Bundles of county records have been found on farms twenty-one miles away. Of those who were in Sauk Rapids when the storm came, thirty-nine people, men, women, and children, have already been buried. Some ten or twelve more will probably die, and another hundred will carry scars and maimed limbs about with them to the end of their days.

From Sauk Rapids the storm again swept on its terrible march across the prairie. Your correspondent has followed on horseback the track that it has left over fourteen miles of farm and woodland. There was no difficulty in following it. It was like playing a gigantic game of hare and hounds, wherein the hares had scattered roofs of houses, trees, and beams instead of pieces of paper, and left a trail a quarter of a mile in width. For more than twenty miles the clearly defined path lies strewn with timber and household belongings as thickly as if scattered from a huge pepper-box—a fairly abundant top-dressing of wreckage for mile after mile of prairie.

Minneapolis, *April* 20.

## EDUCATING THE HORSE.

At Cosmopolitan Hall, in this city, on Monday of last week, Professor Oscar R. Gleason, who had just closed a successful engagement of the same sort in Boston, began a season of horse-breaking, or "horse education," as he terms it, which has attracted no little attention from the owners of horses and the public at large. At the outset the Professor disclaimed the ability to tame a horse by any instantaneous magical process, or, indeed, to perform a single feat which could not be successfully accomplished by any person who would carefully follow the methods he has adopted. "I am no horse-tamer," said he, at the opening exhibition. "I came here to educate people how to educate their horses," and it appears to be the verdict of horse-owners in the city that he has imparted a great deal of very useful information on this subject.

It is the opinion of Professor Gleason that horses, like many children, are spoiled through the lack of a little wholesome discipline. Man is the natural master of the horse, and if he is firm and consistent in his treatment of the animal, practising no cruelty, but giving the horse to understand that he will tolerate no nonsense, there need never, according to Mr. Gleason, be any trouble. The method of Professor Gleason, although resembling that adopted by the once famous Rarey in many respects, differs from the latter in that it is based upon the theory that the horse has more intelligence than Rarey was willing to concede to him. It is not necessary, according to his theory, that a vicious horse should be made to fear you in order to prevent him from displaying his vicious traits; all that is needed is to teach the animal that the performance of any particular bad action on his part will get him into trouble, from which man alone can extricate him. To illustrate this idea: if you are troubled with a horse which has the reprehensible habit of jerking backward at his halter when frightened at any noise in the stable, or when approached from the front—a habit which continuously results in the breaking of halters and the injury of horses—you can speedily cure him of that fault by passing a rope around his body just back of the centre, and then bringing it up between his fore-legs, through the ring in the halter, and attaching it to the ring on the manger in which the strap of the halter is fastened. When the horse, thus secured, starts suddenly backward, the rope tightens around his belly, and he stops and starts forward again. A trouble hitherto unknown to him has broken out in the rear, and as he cannot escape from the noise in front and the trouble behind at the same time, he does nothing, and stands still.

The same simple appliance may be used in dealing with a balky horse in a team. The end of the rope should then be fastened to the head harness of the horse which is not balky. When this horse starts forward, the rope tightens on the stomach of the other, and he promptly decides to go ahead. Illustrations of the efficiency of this contrivance were given by the Professor, who also exhibited a very simple plan for lifting the hind-leg of an unruly horse which requires to be shod. Binding the animal's tail upward over a short stout piece of wood, he fastened a small rope around the doubled up tail above the piece of wood in such a manner that it could not slip. He then passed the end of the rope through a ring in a small strap which he had placed upon the ankle of the hind-leg needing to be shod. By pulling upon the rope the hind-foot was drawn upward toward the tail, and the animal was entirely powerless. Taking a kicking mustang which had never been driven, the Professor attached a rope to straps around the fetlock of each fore-foot, and then passed the rope through a ring on the under side of the girth, bringing it out from between the hind-legs of the animal. He had meantime bridled the horse, and now undertook to drive him. Up went the mustang's hind-legs. At the same moment Mr. Gleason pulled sharply upon the rope, and down went the astonished brute on his knees. This was repeated a dozen times, after which the animal consented to be driven with great docility.

During the course of his engagement the Professor mastered a particularly vicious stallion which had recently killed his keeper in Montreal, and had been brought on from Canada expressly to be treated. During the first night of his handling of this horse the animal suddenly opened his huge mouth and made a grab at the trainer's chest, slightly lacerating the skin. The Professor, however, succeeded in subduing the beast so effectually that on the third evening the stallion would follow him around the ring like a lamb, and even consented to practise a number of tricks, which the Professor had taught him, for the amusement of the spectators. And this, as well

as all the other feats of the horse educator, was accomplished without his having found it necessary to strike the horse a single blow with the whip. By firing a pistol at the horse whenever the latter showed a disposition to attack him, and by astonishing him, without hurting him, in a number of other ways, the Professor succeeded in rendering the beast perfectly gentle and lamb-like, so that neither the beating of drums nor the waving of umbrellas disturbed him in the least.

## A TORPEDO ATTACK AT NIGHT.

ONE of the most interesting of the exercises performed by the North Atlantic Squadron at Pensacola was the attack of torpedo-boats upon the flag-ship *Tennessee*.

In the orders of Secretary WHITNEY it was prescribed that torpedo night attacks should be made on the squadron by a fleet composed of two boats from each ship, carrying spar-torpedoes containing a fuse only. Accordingly, on the 13th of April, a flotilla was organized, consisting of a steam-launch and a row-boat from each vessel, the whole under Lieutenant-Commander REISINGER. Simultaneously all the ships made ready to receive attack. From the sides spars and booms were rigged out, and netting stretched around. The Hotchkiss and Gatling guns were so mounted as to secure a plunging fire against approaching boats.

At a fixed hour the torpedo flotilla assembled alongside the *Yantic*, and the *Tennessee* was named as the ship selected for attack. Guided by their officers, the boats approached her from different directions. The noise made by the high-pressure steam-launches gave a long warning, and while they were still at a great distance the flag-ship opened a sharp fire with blank cartridges from machine-guns as well as from magazine rifles held by marksmen. From the yard-arms and other points night signals illuminated the harbor. The boats, with their spar-torpedoes projecting, continued their course to the *Tennessee*, each exploding its fuse at the most favorable moment on reaching the net-work of obstructions, while the flag-ship kept up her rattling fire, and even turned a hot-water hose upon her assailants. The exhibition was witnessed by a large crowd of visitors on excursion steamers.

Of course this torpedo attack represents only what is possible with the present appliances of our navy. Before another squadron drill is ordered it is to be hoped that our torpedo capabilities will be increased. The chance of doing much damage to a properly guarded and powerful iron-clad, even at anchor, with such devices as were employed at Pensacola, is small. But the case would be different with the torpedo-boats familiar in European waters, which dash at their victims with a speed of twenty knots an hour, or with the successful employment of a submarine gun like ERICSSON'S, which is designed to explode several hundred pounds of gun-cotton against the side of a vessel, not only beneath floating obstructions like the spars and booms that surrounded the *Tennessee*, but also below the armor belt which heavy iron-clads carry.

The boats at Pensacola were, as has been seen, extemporized affairs, having a low rate of speed, some even propelled by hand, and all armed with spar-torpedoes. But a pending bill in Congress provides for the construction of several genuine torpedo-boats of modern design, and a torpedo cruiser having twenty-two knots of speed. It is surprising that with coast defence the most immediate problem for our navy, it should not possess a single modern torpedo-boat or submarine gun. Great Britain, up to the beginning of the present year, had built, or was building, 130 torpedo-boats; France, 107; Germany, 67; Russia, 138; Italy, 70; Austria, 38. Greece has recently added six new boats from the Vulcan Works at Stettin to its already large torpedo fleet. THORNYCROFT & Co. have completed the first of fifty new torpedo-boats for Great Britain, which developed a speed of twenty-one knots. Most nations have also self-moving torpedoes.

## THE COLORADO CAPITOL.

COLORADO, which was admitted to the Union in 1876, has set about securing for herself a State-house or Capitol building in the city of Denver, which shall be, as her people delight in saying, "Worthy of her dignity and proud distinction as a Centennial State." Though ridiculously rich and extremely young, Colorado has not, however, allowed herself to be led into wild architectural extravagances, but, on the contrary, has "counted the cost" with the utmost particularity, and claims to know exactly what she is about. As a compromise between the bonanza members from the mining districts of the north, who thought a suitable building ought to cost about ten millions, more or less, and the southern members, whose income is largely derived from the "bounty" paid on hawks' heads and wolves' scalps, and who were of the opinion that the State could worry along with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar edifice, the Legislature fixed the limit of cost at one million dollars, and appointed a Board of Commissioners to carry out the legislative will, stipulating that the building must be completed by the year 1890. The architects of the country were invited to compete for the job, and three money prizes of $1500, $1000, and $800 respectively were offered for the best three sets of plans, which plans should then become the property of the State, and from one of which the Capitol should be erected, provided always that it could be done within the limits of one million dollars.

Twenty sets of plans were submitted in accordance with these provisions, and the prizes were awarded in the following order: the first prize to E. E. MYERS, of Detroit; the second to F. E. EDBROOKE, of Denver; and the third to H. B. SEELEY, also of Colorado. On April 1 the Capitol Commissioners awarded the contract for the erection of the building according to MR. MYERS'S plans, somewhat modified to save expense, for $934,485.

A picture of the Capitol, drawn from the plans of MR. MYERS, is printed in this issue. It will be the fourth State Capitol which MR. MYERS has erected, he having been the architect of the Michigan State-house at Lansing, and of the State-houses at Austin, Texas, and at Boise City, Idaho. MR. MYERS'S plans for the Colorado Capitol call for a building 295 feet long, 192 feet deep, and 326 feet high, which is to be constructed of smooth cut stone, and is to be surmounted by a dome. The building will consist of a sub-basement, basement, and three floors. On the first floor will be placed the offices of the Governor, Attorney-General, Secretary of State, State Auditor, Treasurer, and minor State officials. The second and the greater part of the third story will be taken up by the two legislative chambers, the Supreme Court room, the law library, and committee rooms. The hall of the House of Representatives will be 62 feet long, 52 feet wide, and 40 feet high, and will occupy the west front. The Senate Chamber, on the south front, will be 36 feet wide, 64 feet long, and of the same height as the other chamber. The ceilings both of the House and Senate will be of dome form, handsomely coffered, and finished in rich stucco-work. The rotunda of the building will have a diameter of 45 feet, and will be surrounded by three balconies, the upper one of which will be at a height of 105 feet above the level of the first floor. Capping the rotunda will be the handsome dome, set with stained-glass windows.

One very noticeable and gratifying fact in connection with this proposed new Capitol is the way in which it has brought out the hitherto unsuspected presence of magnificent quarries of building stone in all sections of the State, superb specimens of granite, gneiss, sandstone, and limestone having been sent in to the Commissioners from various points between Trinidad in the south and Fort Collins in the north, and from the mountains as far west as Gunnison.

## THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S EXCURSION.

THE Seventh Regiment returned late on Wednesday night of last week from a three day's trip to Washington. The visit was made by way of commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the regiment's advance to Washington and the seat of war in 1861. It was a memorable march, that of the Seventh down Broadway, twenty-five years ago. Fort Sumter had been fired upon only six days before. The capital of the country was menaced by the enemy, and was in need of defenders. The regiment, as it moved down the great thoroughfare of this city, lacked but four men of its full complement of one thousand soldiers. The sidewalks of Broadway were choked with men, women, and children, who screamed farewells at the young soldiers, and from the house-tops came deafening cheers. It took the Seventh six days to reach Washington on that occasion, and from Annapolis to Annapolis Junction they had to rebuild the torn-up railroad tracks. Their presence at Washington at that time was very grateful to the inhabitants, and as a correspondent of that date puts it, "MR. LINCOLN was the happiest-looking man in town when the regiment marched past him; he smiled all over, and gave in his countenance expression to the feeling of relief born in all by this wished-for arrival."

Of the seven hundred and odd men who visited the capital in the beloved uniform of the Seventh last week, but eight had taken part in the memorable march of a quarter-century ago. The present commander of the regiment, Colonel EMMONS CLARK, was at that time the Captain of Company B.

The regiment on Monday afternoon, the 19th inst., passed in review before Mayor GRACE at the City Hall, and shortly after two o'clock took a special train for the capital, arriving in Washington just before nine o'clock that evening. They were received by the Washington Light-infantry Corps and a committee of one hundred citizens, and marched triumphantly through Pennsylvania Avenue amid the applause of thousands of hospitable Washingtonians.

They were quartered as might be in the various leading hotels, and all night long the rooms of these favored hostelries resounded with the uproarious hilarity of the happy young soldiers, who the next morning amused themselves as they best saw fit among the sights of the capital, while the Colonel and his staff officers paid their respects to the President, a pleasant episode of that visit being the presentation by President CLEVELAND, on behalf of the regiment, of a diamond-studded medal to Captain J. C. ABRAMS, of Company H, in recognition of his twenty-five years of service in the regiment. Later in the day there was a parade of the Seventh past the White House grounds, where, from a flag-covered stand, accompanied by Generals SHERIDAN and SHERMAN, the President reviewed the soldiers. The Washington Light-infantry entertained the regiment at their armory during the evening, and the Seventh's fine band serenaded at the residences of Secretary WHITNEY, General SHERIDAN, and Senator EVARTS. At nine o'clock the following morning a steamer carried the soldier visitors down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, and with caps in hand the regiment marched slowly past the tomb of WASHINGTON, while the band played a solemn strain.

The return journey to New York was begun at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and as the returning soldiers marched past the newspaper offices on Park Row late that evening, that thoroughfare was brilliant with colored lights and noisy with cheers of welcome.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A FRENCH physician undertakes to apportion to travellers a certain narcotic of his invention in doses variable according to the length of time which may be at their disposal for sleep. He declares that it operates with great nicety, so that a person may calculate the duration of its influence almost to a minute. It is put up in neat phials, which are attractively but plainly labelled, so that one may have no reason for making a mistake. One has only to ask for a seven-hour phial, or a nine-hour phial, or a phial good for eleven hours and a quarter, as his opportunities may warrant, and to see that the number on the label tallies with his desires. There might be cases, of course, in which a dose would fail to fit, but no French physician could be expected to anticipate these. Persons about to engage in winter travel in the Northwest might take a forty-day or a fifty-day dose, feeling sure that they were to be snowed in, and cause great inconvenience to others in case the train should go through on time. To be under the influence of an efficacious opiate when it is desirable to wake up is of course awkward, but it is the weakness of any human scheme that it may miscarry.

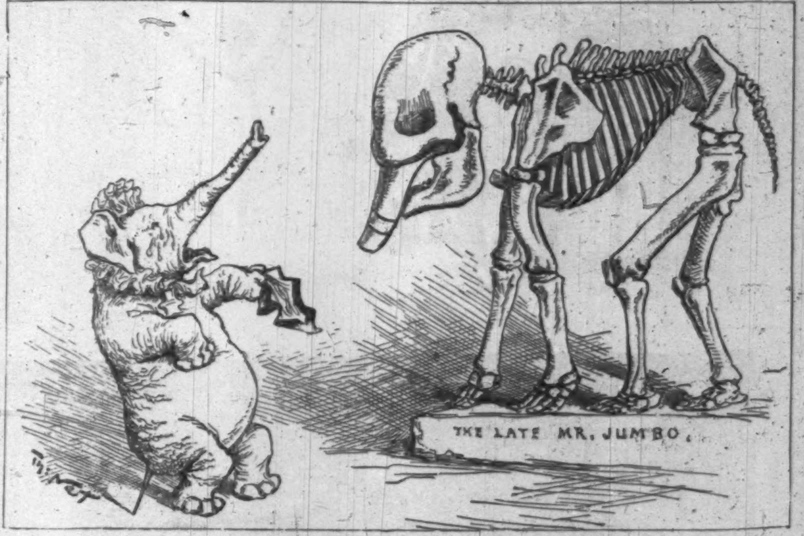
A newspaper despatch from Dakota says that during a recent storm there "hailstones fell a little more than half as large as an egg." The careful construction of this statement is calculated to win the confidence of anybody. "As large as an egg" would appear careless and be received with doubt, and "half as large as an egg" would not force belief; but one cannot help feeling that "a little more than half as large as an egg" was really the size of the hailstones which the despatch records.

King Theebaw had a gilded cannon, which stood under a gilded dome, and which, according to the story, he was accustomed to employ as an oracle. When about to engage in a war, the king, accompanied by a priest, would repair to the cannon, and the king would inquire of it whether he was to win or lose, while the priest would pour a bottle of wine into the cannon's mouth. If the king were to be a victor, the cannon would retain the wine; if defeat lay before him, the wine would run out. When the British were coming, and King Theebaw consulted the cannon concerning his prospects, the wine fairly flew out of the bore. The priest explained that the cannon was bewitched and not in proper working order; but Theebaw was unnerved, and the result proved that the cannon had not made a mistake.

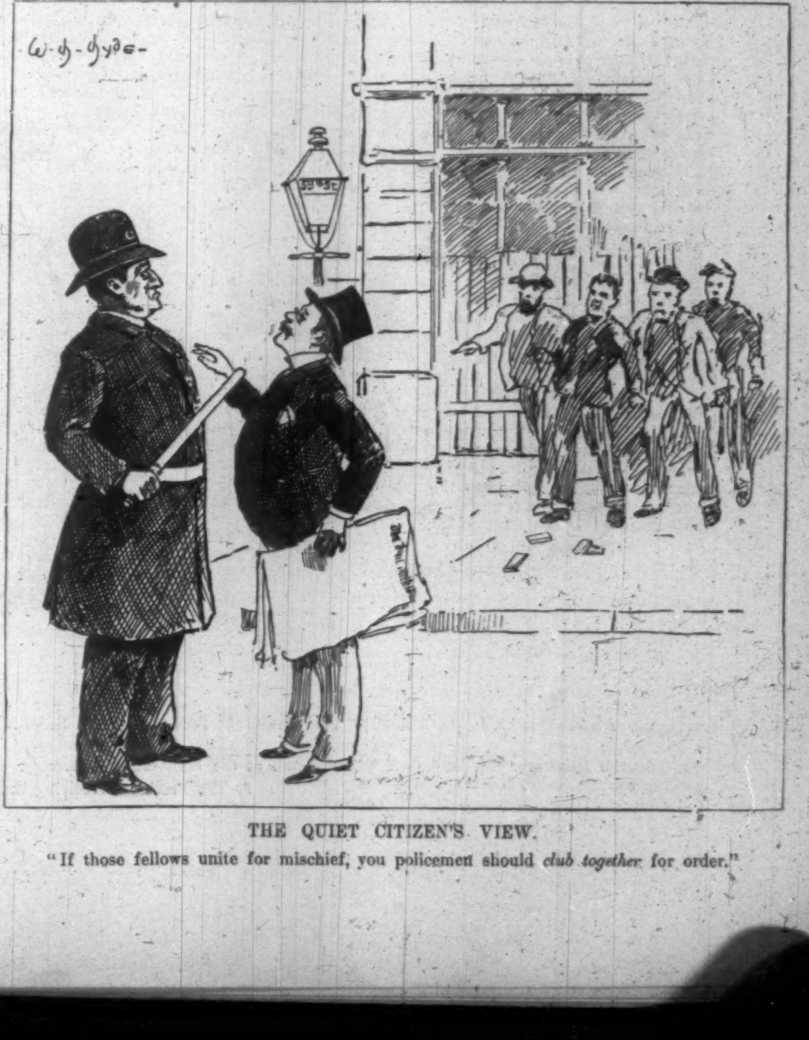
A German chemist has tested a bottle of 230-year-old wine from the Bremen Rathskeller, and declared it unwholesome. This was as bold a thing to do in Germany as in England it would be to say that old cigars are not good, or in China that eggs are not improved by age.

Upward of 5300 students are attending the University of Berlin this winter, among them being 123 Americans.

The retail grocers' clerks, particularly those who are employed in the little shops well over on the east and west sides in this town, declare that they afford a case which should be looked into in this time of general agitation for shorter working hours. The small grocer's clerk complains that he gets up at four o'clock in the morning and goes to bed at ten at night. The shop closes at nine, but he must spend another hour tidying up. Sunday is nominally a holiday, but the shop is kept open until noon or later, and after it is closed he must spend an hour or two at proving the books, and by the time he is washed and dressed there is only a small part of the day left to him. These clerks recently formed a union, starting with one hundred members. They want the shops to close at seven in the evening instead of nine. Many of the employers are of the same mind, saying that they only remain open because their neighbors do, and that the day's business could just as well be done in two hours less time.




ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
Another heart-rending consequence of *a railroad strike.*




THE QUIET CITIZEN'S VIEW.
"If those fellows unite for mischief, you policemen should *club together* for order."

ANNIVERSARY EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N.G.S.N.Y.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 283.]

1. Through Delaware. 2. The Banquet at the Light-infantry Armory. 3. Passing up Pennsylvania Avenue. 4. The Officers' Greeting. 5. The President receiving the Officers. 6. Off Duty.

## GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

The officer whom President Cleveland nominated on the 3d of March to fill the vacancy created by the death of Major-General Hancock has long enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of the army. Born at Hartford, November 10, 1827, educated in the New Haven schools and at the Yale Law School, Alfred Howe Terry, while practising law and serving as Clerk of the Superior and Supreme Courts of Connecticut, had also connected himself with the State Militia, and had been for seven years in command of the Second Regiment when that body was called into the field for three months under President Lincoln's proclamation of April, 1861. With it he served at Bull Run, and then promptly reëntered the service as Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, taking part in General Thomas W. Sherman's expedition for the capture of Port Royal. Commended for energy in the siege of Fort Pulaski, he received command of this fort after its reduction, and was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from April, 1862. During the two succeeding years he served in the operations around Charleston, commanding a division of the Tenth Corps, and being engaged on James Island, in siege operations against Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg, and in demonstrating up Stone River during the descent on Morris Island. Thence, in 1864, he was transferred with his corps to Virginia, to the Army of the James, and was engaged at Chester Station, in the battle of Drury's Bluff, in actions at Bermuda Hundred, Deep Bottom, and Fussel's Mills, in the siege of Petersburg, and at Newmarket Heights, Newmarket Road, and Williamsburg Road.

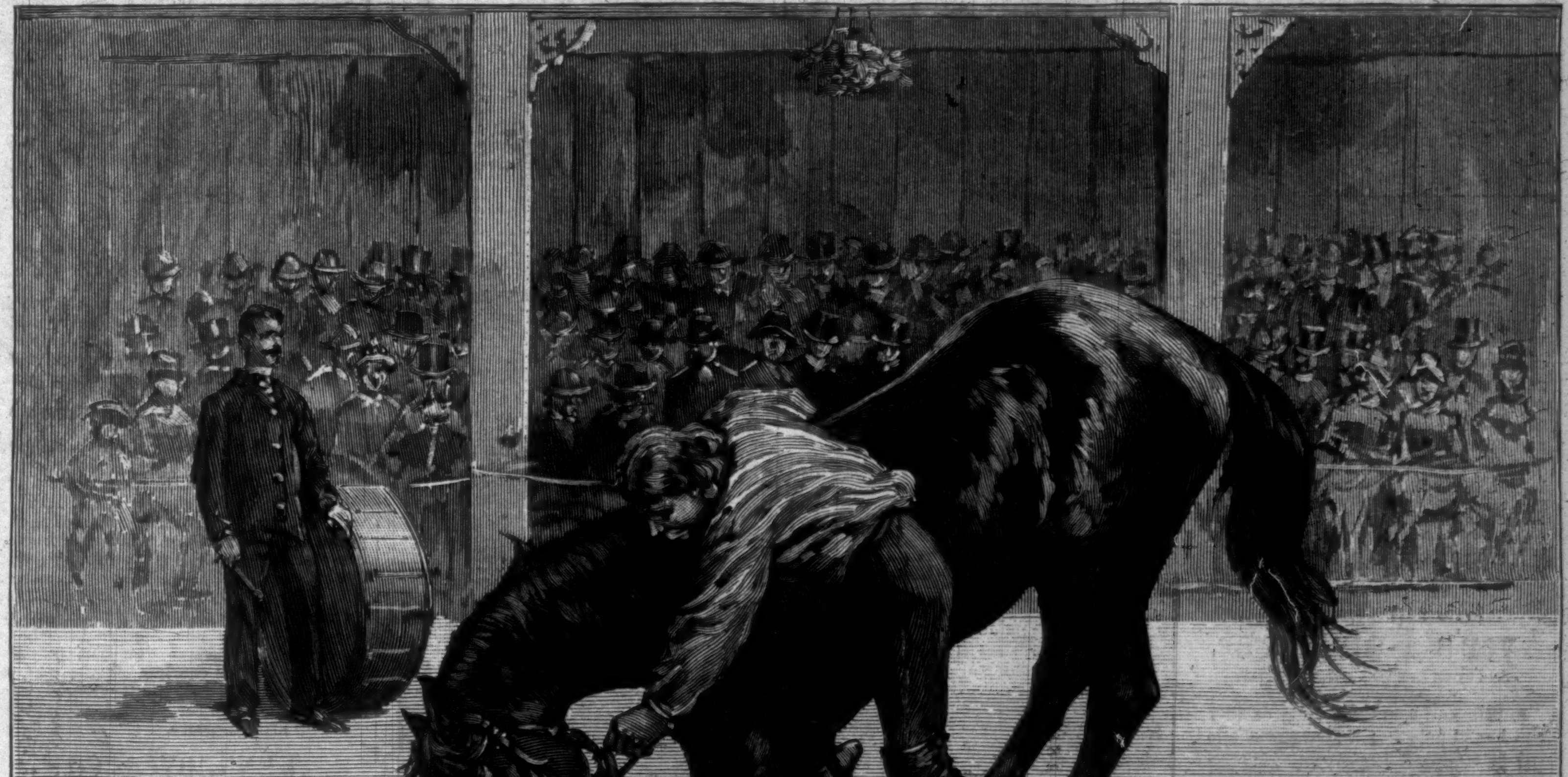
But although he had creditably held temporary command of his corps from May to August, and again from October to November, 1864, his distinctive national fame was yet to be achieved. His opportunity came when, after the mortifying failure of the first attack on Fort Fisher, under General Butler, he was directed to renew the attempt to capture it with a force of 8000 men, aided by the fleet. He disembarked his troops, approached the works, and carried their successive lines by assault, losing 110 killed and 536 wounded, and capturing about 2000 prisoners, 169 heavy guns, and many small-arms. For this fine exploit he received the high reward of a Brigadiership in the regular army, to date from January 15, 1865, when Fort Fisher was won. He was also made a Major-General of Volunteers, and received a vote of thanks from Congress.

Shortly after, he obtained the full command of the Tenth Corps, and took part with it in the capture of Wilmington (for which he was made a brevet Major-General in the regular army) and in the action at Northeast Creek. When the war closed he had charge for a time of the Department of Virginia, but for many years he has commanded the Department of Dakota, and ten years ago he took the field in the Sioux hostilities.

General Terry has had in many respects a fortunate and enviable military career. Entering the war for the Union among the first, he was yet called upon for no exercise of supreme responsibility—serving, in fact, off the main lines of operations—until he had three years' experience. Then, ripened and instructed, he found his one grand opportunity for great fame almost at the very end of the war, and nobly rose to it.

Tall and soldierly in bearing, winning in presence and personal traits, of admirable discretion, thoroughly upright and conscientious in his performance of duty, favored by the advantages of coming of good Connecticut stock and of enjoying a good education, General Terry has always been looked up to by brother officers with a degree of esteem in no respect diminished by the fact that his military education was not acquired at West Point, but that he had learned his profession in the stern school of war. His traits and temperament peculiarly fit him for the administrative duties of a department commander.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY, U. S. A.—Photographed by Palmquist & Jurgens, St. Paul, Minnesota.



AN EXHIBITION OF HORSE-TAMING IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 282.]

## SENATOR WHITTHORNE.

MR. W. C. WHITTHORNE, who has been appointed to fill the unexpired term in the United States Senate of Mr. JACKSON, whom the President has appointed Judge of the United States Circuit Court, has for thirty years been one of the most prominent men in public life in Tennessee. From 1855 to 1860 he was a member of the State Senate or Speaker of the lower branch of the Legislature, and during the war he was Adjutant-General of the State by appointment of his present colleague in the Senate, Mr. HARRIS, who was then Governor. In 1870, as soon as his political disabilities were removed, he took his seat as a member of the Forty-second Congress, and his Congressional career continued without interruption for twelve years. It was as a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs that he did his most vigorous work. Since his retirement from Congress Mr. WHITTHORNE has taken a prominent and influential part in State politics. In the division of the Democratic party on the disposition to be made of the State debt, he took the opposite side to his predecessor, who is a "State credit" Democrat.

Senator WHITTHORNE is among the most vigorous and well-equipped of the men who have been prominent in Southern politics during the last twenty years. He is a successful lawyer and a forcible speaker. He is small in stature, and as energetic at sixty-one as when he canvassed Tennessee as the Elector-at-large on the BRECKINRIDGE Presidential ticket in 1860. The unexpired term for which he has been appointed will expire March 3, 1887.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

INTO half a tumbler of ice-water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.—[*Adv.*]

SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a combination of two most valuable remedies, in a palatable and easily digested form, having great healing and strengthening properties, most valuable in *Consumption* and wasting diseases.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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**Breakfast Cocoa.**

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

**Sold by Grocers everywhere.**

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

## Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.— J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured. —Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## SCIENTIFIC TRUTH!

### REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN,

OF WHICH THE PUBLIC KNOWS BUT LITTLE, WORTHY CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

*To the Editor of the Scientific American:*

*Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned, during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys, and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of* TRUTH. *It is needless to say, no medical journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.*

*H. H. WARNER & CO.,*
*Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."*

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place it in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ, you say? But understand, the body of the average-size man contains about *ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers*, as they may be called, *many times a day*, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in *three minutes*. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily, night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from 65 *gallons of blood each hour*, or about 49 barrels each day, or 9125 hogsheads a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis, or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and *right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.*

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants, or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood-vessels surrounding them, which become blocked. These delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood-vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is *passing through this terrible, disgusting pus*, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay, the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect, when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have *pure blood and escape disease?* It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh, and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption, in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach, nervousness, insanity, paralysis, or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

*The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action.* It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker, until one day it *suddenly stops*, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high-sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, *for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part*, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys, which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on—a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right; I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have *never there had a pain nor an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where *there are few nerves of feeling* to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skilful physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined* by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition, and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic, and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by, if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

**A ROLLED GOLD SOLID RING**

makes a beautiful and valuable gift for a lady, gentleman or child, and in order to secure new customers for our Company, we will forward postpaid to any address, one of our HEAVY 18-K. ROLLED GOLD SOLID RINGS, either in PLAIN BAND, HALF ROUND, DOUBLE HEART or HANDSOME STONE, set with either SIX GARNETS or SIX TURQUOISE, as shown in illustrations, on receipt of only 50 CENTS each. We will engrave any Name, Initials, Motto or Sentiment desired on the inside of the ring Without Extra Charge provided you

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and mail to us on or before JULY 1st, 1886. At the same time we send your ring we will mail you a bundle of our Catalogues, and feel sure you will be so highly pleased with the ring, and that it will give such entire satisfaction, that you will oblige us by distributing our Catalogues among your friends, and at the same time shewing them the Beautiful Ring received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of standard quality, which we manufacture from new and original designs and which we GUARANTEE to give satisfaction.

**By our Future Sales we make our Profit.**

Remember the ring we send you is not an Electro-Plated Ring, but HEAVY 18-K. ROLLED GOLD, and this UNPRECEDENTED offer is only made to introduce our goods and Catalogues into your vicinity. Our firm is old established and reliable, manufacturing first-class goods from the precious metals. We can only send out a Limited Number of rings at price named, and to protect ourselves from jewelers ordering quantities we will insert this advertisement ONLY ONCE in this paper, hence require you to cut it out and send to us, that we may know you are entitled to the benefits of this offer.

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**CARBOLINE** Keeps the hair moist and the head cool.
**CARBOLINE** Makes the hair look natural and beautiful.
**CARBOLINE** Delightful, fragrant, and sure all the time.
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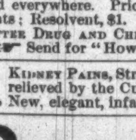


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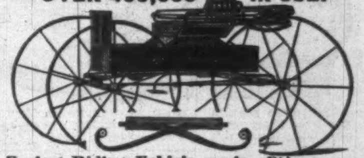

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HISTORY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND OF ENGLAND. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings.

HISTORY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD OF ENGLAND. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings.

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**NOTICE.**—All persons claiming to be next of kin, according to the statutes for the distribution of intestates' estates, of Thomasin Copp, Spinster, or Jonas Copp, Retired Innkeeper (both formerly of the Westgate Inn, Launceston, Cornwall), but late and at the time of their respective deaths of the Dockey ——, Launceston, aforesaid, and both of whom died intestate, living at the time of their deaths, which happened on the 26th day of October, 1885, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead, are requested to send in particulars of their claims in writing on or before the 29th day of September, 1886, to us the undersigned, at our offices, Westgate Street, Launceston, after which date the estates will be distributed.

The said Thomasin Copp and Jonas Copp were the surviving children of John Copp and Ann Brookin, who were married at Okehampton, in the County of Devon, in the year 1795.

Sally Copp, who left the County of Devonshire about the year 1845 for America, will hear something to her advantage on communicating with us, the undersigned.

Dated this Eighth day of April, 1886.

WHITE, DINGLEY, & WHITE,
Launceston, Cornwall, England,
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